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HYMN FOR THE SEASON.

BY ALICE CARY.

Shorter and shorter now the twilight cries
The night, as through the empty gates they crowd,
And hammer from her golden saltar slips
And sways through shadow-fields, and comes aloud;

Even where by the warmer air deserted
And, steaming hopeful to some sheltered haven
She has on pillows of the yellow leaves,
And lets the old trees cover her as one.

The wind, whose tender whisper in the May
Set all the young blossoms fainting flew' to' grove,
She rustling in the faded boughs to stay
And sustain her cold and unresolved love.

The rose has taken of her fire of red—
The modest cloak to yellow stars has lent,
And the proud sunshine pink hangs down her head
Against earth's chilly bosom, wishful still.

The robin that was busy all the June
Before the sun has kissed the exposure brough
Catching our hearts up in his golden tune,
His glossy jacket in his brown cousins hung.

The very stile covers luxuriously at noon—
Each dog and hen yet the shadow-streets disclose—
Unwary cattle low, and Jackie feels
Close to their silvery sides his cuddled nose.

Shut up the door: who loves the moist not look
Upon the withered world, but hasts to bring
His spirits inside, and with the fire
And live with me the poetry of spring.

THE LOST TREASURE;

OR,

THE CHAMPION OF CASTILE.

A TALE OF SPAIN IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY SYLVANUS CODY, JR.

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CHAPTER X.

AN ENCOUNTER IN THE WOOD.

It was evening when Enrique started for the North. El Rincón de Bordeus, with a few rugged cross-stone, bore him company as far as Reynoso, which was reached before daylight. They found an inn which was opened to them, and the whole party gained a few hours of good sleep. When the sun was well up, de Pedroso and his men started for home; while our hero went Gomez one after a good servant to accompany them to the city. This was easily found—no one whom both the adventurers knew—and together the three set out for the mountain-cot.

The heart of the youthful knight boomed with a joyous thrill as he came in sight of the white walls within which his boyhood and youth had been so happily and profitably spent; though a feeling of sadness succeeded, as he remembered that he should no more meet the kind face which beamed upon him in love for so many long years.

Even as Enrique approached the mountain, his lungs began to expand with new force, and the blood coursed through his veins with something akin to the old vigor. He expanded his chest to receive the pure, healthy air, and half his pains and fatigues were forgotten. Things were soon put to rights in the cot, for Gomez was so far recovered that he could walk considerably, and as soon as the knight had got fairly settled down he commenced his exercise, moderately at first, but increasing the labor as his powers grew stronger.

One afternoon, when the sun was near the top of the western mountains, Enrique and Gomez were riding in the wood between their place and Reynoso. They had been exercising, and the young knight was in full armor. He had regained nearly all his wasted strength; his armor no lightly upon him, and he could wield his heavy ax with ease. Quite a month had been spent at the cot, but that month had worked wonders in our hero and his attendant.

See you that o'erhanging limb, Gomez?" said the knight, pointing to a stout branch which grew out over the path.

"Ay, my master—very plainly."

"One I cut it off at a fell gallop?"

"I think not. It must be a heavy blow, and a sure one, that takes that off."

"Well. See the trial."

Thus speaking, Enrique drew his ax from its buckets, and gathered up his rein. A word to his horse, and away he flew along the narrow road. His ax gleamed above his head—then it took a quick, graceful sweep—and, with a sweeping blow, he struck the mark, as his horse dashed beneath it, the whole limb falling to the ground behind him, not clean from its present stock.

"Bravo!" cried Gomez, clapping his hands.

But Enrique did not hear the warm encomiums of his esquire. The limb, in falling, had struck his horse upon the haunch, and the mettlesome animal leaped through a wide opening in the side of the path, dashing on at full speed for some moments. When he stopped it was of his own accord, for he had come upon a scene which he wanted to fancy his master might wish to observe. And Enrique, on he had lately recovered from the wonder which the sudden movement of his horse had caused, was startled himself by the same scene.

He had come to an open space in the thick wood, and before him were men, women and horses, both dead and living. He did not stop to count the exact number of either, only he saw two females, and some half-dozen armed men on their horse standing near by. Those latter were just in the act of dragging the women from their saddles as Enrique came upon the spot.

"Help! Oh—help!" cried one of the ladies, as the knight dashed in.

THE RESCUE OF THE UNKNOWN LADIES.

His ax was still in his hand, and he stopped not long to consider. He rose-dazed for him, the body of stout men were torturing two unprotected women.

"Now, Lion—on!" spoke Enrique, as he bounded the flank of his noble beast with his vassal. "Back!" he shouted, as he swung his trenchant ax aloft. "Back, or you die!"

Four of the ruffians quickly turned and drew their swords. One of them the knight cut down as he swept past, and by the time his ax had been raised again he had wheeled about, and the head of a second was cleft in twain.

At this several Goons appeared upon the scene. He saw his master at work, and he felt safe in following his example, so he drew his heavy sword, and killed one of the two remaining men who opposed the knight.

"Look to this villain!" exclaimed our hero, as he saw that one of the females had been dragged from her saddle.

There were two men engaged in this latter piece of work, and as Gomez turned upon the one his master had left, Enrique wheeled his horse upon the others. One of them was down in an instant, and the other left the lady, who was upon the ground, and gave him battle. It was a battle of but short duration. The fellow had caught up his spear, and endeavored to plunge it into his opponent's horse. He missed his aim, however, for the intelligent beast avoided the thrust of his own accord, and, as it turned, his master's ax descended upon the villain's head, laying a half of it upon each shoulder. In an instant Enrique wheeled about, but his enquire had despatched his man.

The knight now leaped from his saddle, and hastened to where the two females stood. As he had one having dismounted, and gone to the assistance of her companion. The eldest of the two, and she was deemed to be the mistress, was a beautiful woman, though in the middle age of life. She was small and symmetrical in frame, with large black eyes, features of perfect mold, a skin as fair as alabaster, and rich waves curls flowing over her shoulders. Her garb was of a staid, yet costly nature, and every way plain, yet of fine texture.

The other was some years younger, and though very comely, yet possessing but little of the beauty of her mistress. Her dress was exactly the same as that of her companion.

"Fair lady," spoke the knight, "command me as you will."

The woman started as the voice fell upon her ear, and gazed eagerly up in the cloved visor.

"You would see my face," he added, as he noticed the movement, and at the same time he lifted the visor.

The lady had watched his movements with a wistful gaze, and as she saw the handsome features fully revealed, she uttered a low cry, and would have sunk to the ground but for the sustaining hand of the knight.

"Lady," he said, sorely puzzled by this movement, but yet not forgetting himself in his surprise, "what means this? Surely you do not fear me."

"Fear thee!" she repeated, turning her large, dark eyes upon him with a look of love, which he had never me from a fearful death. But tell me," she added, with sudden energy of purpose, "is there not some spark of life left in any of the ruffians who attacked me? Oh! seek out one alive if you can, and draw from him the secret of this most foul affair."

Without waiting to hear more, Enrique turned to where the ground was strewn with the dead.

"See if you can find one living man among them unharming forms. Gomez. I can swear that none of them whom I slew can speak, but there may be one of the others."

"San Jago, my master, you spoke just in time," returned Gomez, who had his sword drawn well back. "I was right on the point of putting an end to this fellow here."

Enrique hurried to the spot and found one of the ruffians who had fallen ere he came up—not only silent from having taken himself to a still longer silence. The knight lifted him up, and bade Gomez to hold him on.

"Oh! save me! Bind up my wounds! I bleed!—I die!"

"Fear not," responded Enrique, "I swear me truly, and your wounds shall not only be bound up, but you shall be well cared for. Tell me why you attacked these ladies."

The man gazed up into his interlocutor's face, and a ray of terror broke from his lips.

"Then—then here!" he gasped. "Oh! spare me! I could not help it!"

"Who dost thou take me for?" the youth eagerly asked, for well knew he had never seen the fellow before.

"Why?" echoed the ruffian, in a husky tone. "Oh—I know thee well. But spare me! Promise that thou wilt not kill me in accord for this, and I'll tell thee all!"

Enrique knew full well that there must be some strange delusion in the man's mind, but he dared not stop to fathom it now, for he saw plainly that life was fast ebbing away.

"I swear that thou shalt not be held accountable here or hereafter, if on earth," he said. "Oh! now tell me all!"

"Higher—lift me higher!" the dying man gasped. "There. There the prince Nunez bade me attack the women!"

"But why?" asked Enrique, not a little startled at the mysterious declaration.

"I know not. He came with us as far as the river valley—it is but a few miles from—then we came in sight of this party, and Don Nunez ordered us to stop them all!"

"And where are the ladies?"

"You mock me," returned the ruffian, gazing up with a wistful look, but yet with much suspicion upon his blunderer features. "But she is not dead, for see—see the prince! Curse on him! May he never know peace again! He power I have not, or question! Curse him! Curse him! Curse——"

A burst of blood from the mouth stopped the man's speech, and while yet he gasped for power to finish his malediction his head drooped, and in a moment more he was dead. The knight caught him and held him up until the light of the eyes was gone, and then he laid him back upon the grey sward.

"Santiago! but this is puzzling belief!" uttered Gomez, as the dead villain sank back. He gazed after his master as he slowly walked away, and then he added, with a peculiar light twinkling in his black, gray eyes, and his head shook with a knowing motion—

"Alas! How by San Jago, I begin to see! But the lady—Santiago, Gomez Bastillo," he continued, pulling himself upon the breast, "thou must be silent, wise. Gomez! It! A golden Reynoso needs to unlock that I am right! Ho, no, my master, could you tell me as I can see? But be wise, Gomez. Gomez Bastillo, be wise. Hold your tongue. You've no business with this affair."

While Gomez had been thus soliloquizing his master had approached the females.

"Gentle lady," he said, "I have gained the secret, but ere we converse further may I not offer you the shelter of my humble roof? It is not far distant."

"The very boon I would have craved" she returned.

"Have you any wish to express touching the disposition of these bodies?" the knight asked.

"Only that the four who accompanied me may be buried together, where the spot can be easily found, and away from the others. Your man will know them by their garbs. They wear brass cassocks, while the others wear black ones of iron. I should like to know where they are, that they may be faithful fellows, and, if I am ever able, which God grant, they shall have a token to mark the place of their final repose."

"It shall be done, lady," said Enrique; and as he spoke he assisted her to her saddle, while Gomez, who had just come up, performed the same office for the other.

"Now to horse, Gomez," our hero cried, as he vaulted into his seat. "Let these animals be till we send to have the bodies. They won't leave their dead masters."

His Enrique ordered from asking any questions on the way, though he was racked with curiosity. Yet he often turned his gaze upon the mild, sweet face of his charge, and as often did he feel her dark eyes upon himself. There was something in those pale, beautiful features that awoke strange feelings in his soul, and he felt drawn towards her by a power indescribable and irresistible. It was not a love—not such a love as he had felt before—but a sort of veneration; a deep, pure respect, which sank upon the heart with a holy influence. It was all very strange.

When the cot was reached the females were assisted from their saddles, and Enrique ushered the strange dame who had come from Reynoso, led the horses to the stable, while the knight conducted his guests to his living-room.

"We have but humble apartments here, gentle lady," he said, as they were open with a warm welcome to the worthy and the distressed. Here," he added, throwing open the door, "you will find a well sleeping room, "you will find a place where you can be alone, and where no intruder can come."

The lady bowed, and uttered a simple return of thanks.

"You may call me, Floda," she said, with a slight tremor in her tone. "And my attendant's name is Theresa. Now may I know the name of my kind host?"

"Ay, for such never yet rested upon it. I am Enrique de Moreno."

"Thank you," returned the lady; and thus speaking she turned towards the door, motioning for her maid to follow her.

The last rays of the setting sun rested upon the plain surrounding of the living-room like a sheet of gold as Enrique entered it after having removed his armor, and put on a garb befitting his station. It was of black velvet, studded with crimson, and frills, collar, and bosom of the purest linen. His long, black hair parted in the center of his full, high brow, had been suffered to grow long and free, and fell in heavy ringlets over his neck, even to the shoulders. He looked as he entered, for his fair guests were already there, upon perfection of manly beauty, and his soul, which was all the garments they had with them were in the hands of Gomez.

The lady Floda started half up from her seat as her eyes rested upon the noble form and features of the youthful knight, and an exclamation of some kind had almost dropped from her lips. But she quickly conquered the powerful emotion, and, shaking back her head and covered her face with her hands. She remained so a moment only, and when she again looked up all traces of her feeling were gone, and she was once more serene.

Enrique had prepared supper in an open apartment upon the broad balcony in the rear of the cot, and thither the guests were conducted. The meal passed with but little restraint, the old serving-man hovering about most of the time, and the thoughts of both host and guest being too deep and momentous for other even than those interested.

Finally the knight and the ladies were seated in the large room once more, and Gomez, who had brought in lights, retired, leaving the master a clear field.

Again Enrique found the gaze of the beautiful lady fixed earnestly upon him. His heart was beginning to throb most strangely, but he knew not why.

CHAPTER XI.

THE OLD CASTLE, AND ITS MYSTERY.

"Now, kind sir," said the lady Floda, recovering from the half dreamy state into which she had fallen while gazing upon the youth, "will you not tell me what you gained from the dying ruffian?"

"Ay, lady," returned Enrique, as he complained yet. "He said he and his party had been sent by Don Nunez de Guzman to——"

"*To prison!*" whispered Floda, in a gasping tone.

"Yes—the prince," pursued Enrique, watching the lady's face with much interest. "He said Don Nunez accompanied them as far as the great valley, and there they came in sight of your party. He pointed you out, and commanded them to stop you and your attendants."

"Oh! Heaven have mercy!" the lady ejaculated, turning pale as death, and clasping her hands. "And you," she added, when she had become more calm, "I had feared it—I had feared something—but not this! oh! not this!"

"But how and where did they attack you?" the knight asked, suppressing other questions which came crowding upon him.

It was then," answered lady Floda. "We were riding slowly through the wood when I heard the sound of horsemen behind us, and upon looking I knew there must be several of them; and, moreover, I was sure I could hear the clash of arms. So I wished to turn out of the way, for I feared not to be seen and guard at, and perhaps questioned, by strangers. Just then we came to an opening in the road upon our right, and I bade my attendants to follow me in, as the same time turning in myself. We had gained the opening when I found we were right upon horsemen came dashing in, and as we could recover from our surprise two of my men were slain. They then fell upon me, and after that, when I recovered, I was alone, though not until two of their own number had fallen. Then the ruffians hurried upon me, and—but see my ear pierces. I asked them if they had slain my attendants, and they said, 'No.' It was not as that answer fell upon my ears that you heard me. Oh! God, blessed be you to save me!"

Her frame was convulsed by the power of her feelings as she uttered speaking, and Enrique was sure that he now knew the meaning of her fears—as her hands again covered her face. When she looked up her cheeks were wet, but she was quite resolute away, and then added, in a tone somewhat broken:

"I am very grateful, sir. My great danger—with death so near—and such a terrible end—and your generous, devoted service, more my life than I. But you are not sorry were offered to this by Don Nunez?"

"Yes, lady—I know the prince well," replied our hero, speaking as calmly as he could upon the subject upon which he had been pondering so long in mind. "He is capable of anything. He is a bad man, and a cruel one."

"I think you speak truly," Floda said, now grown calm again, save a slight tremulousness in her tones—"and I do, too. But I had not thought him so base."

"And you pay me for all of his reason for wishing you murdered then?" the knight asked. He spoke very carefully, for he was watching upon ground of mighty interest to himself.

"He must have wished me out of his way," the lady returned. "But what harm I can do to him, or how affect him, I am unable to conceive."

"I have seen him," Enrique said, as he ventured the knight.

"We came from there last, good sir."

"And you knew the palace there?"

"I knew—yes," answered the lady, growing more and more calm and reserved as the youth's questions came.

"And for four of him you were leaving the palace?"

"Leaving a part of it."

Enrique hunted this answer meant that he was not to question further. Yet he did not relinquish his hopes of finding out who his guest was and why she was pursued, for his curiosity would have bound pleb'ician so nearly together. That there was something of a most interesting nature connected between him and the fair lady, he felt sure, and did his exquisite relish of mystery stand in the golden feel him to this opinion, but there was a feeling in his own heart that was dearer and beyond him.

"Lady," he at length said, in an earnest tone, "there are many questions I wish to ask you—questions that have to do with deep and heartfelt emotions that you have awakened. Yet I would not annoy you. May I have your permission to speak?"

Floda turned her head and gazed towards the window near her. There was a perceptible tremor in her slight frame, and one hand was pressed hard upon her bosom. When she looked next upon her host there was a warm glow upon her face, and a half waking smile seemed working about her eyes and lips.

Gentle sir," she replied, in a tone of calm sweetness, half imploring and half of command, "ask me no questions beneath this roof, nor yet while I am under your protection. A power over which I have no control will prevent my answering. I cannot deny that there seems to be a strange connection in our affairs of life; but I

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cannot solve the mystery now—the mystery it is! But we shall surely meet again if we live; and when we do meet, God grant that all of mystery may be dissolved. I know you will grant me the boon I am about to ask: Question not, no further concerning myself or my affairs. I call it beyond. I am bound to silence."

"I hear, and obey!" promptly returned the knight. "However much I may wish to penetrate the thick dark veil that envelops me like a cloud of night, and blind from me the very things upon which my fate rests, I will not ask you a question against your free will. So you may rest easy upon that point."

"I thank you, kind sir—from my heart I thank you," murmured the lady, in a low tone of voice, almost a whis, and then she resumed, in a more natural manner—

"You have reminded here for some time, sir?"

"Since my earliest memory, fair lady, were some words which I spoke at Bergen the present year."

"Were you born here?"

"Ah," responded Enrique, with a bright smile and a playful shake of the head, "you are turning the screw upon me."

"Pardon, gentle sir. If I am infringing pray do not answer me."

"On the contrary, lady, I should be pleased to give you the whole story of my life. It might interest you."

Flelda signified her desire to hear it, and there upon the youth commenced the recital. He told all he could remember of his childhood, and all he could remember of his earliest associations with Fernandez de Moneta. Then he gave an account of his capture, his escape, and his capture in the forest, on forgetting his meeting with John of Navarre. Then came the death of Fernandez; the knight's journey to the island of Rhodes, and with de Velasco, Don Nunez, and the lady Eleanor; his adventure accompanying it; and his whole experience in the city, together with his interview with Alfonso, and his subsequent course in his present quarters.

"And, lady," he added, "you have my whole life actually as I can give it. Have I not reason to be curious when anything happens which promises to throw light upon my pathway?"

"Aye, most surely," returned the lady, who had not only closely interested in the story of the knight, but at times, deeply affected, too. "But tell me," she added, "did not Fernandez ever have anything from which you could gather information?"

"He left nothing but a small box in which were some articles which he had gathered in the former exploits among the Moors. But he might have told me more than he did had he not been stricken down so suddenly. He died in my arms here for a very few moments."

"This box—may I see it?" asked Flelda, eagerly, though she endeavored to hide the feeling.

"Certainly, fair lady; and thus speaking he arose and left the room.

When he returned he bore in his hands a box of red cedar, strongly and handsomely bound with silver. The eyes in the lady and the knight united it to the help she threw back the lid and gazed within it. With a trembling hand she pressed upon a secret spring upon the inside of the cover, and a thin panel, which had before seemed only a part of the solid lid, dropped down, revealing a folded parchment, which had just filled the slight space allotted it. Flelda snatched up the fatal scroll, and with a wild tremor shaking her whole frame, she broke the seal.

"This is mine," she uttered, ejaculatingly. "You will give it to her, for I should not have found it so readily had I not known where it was. *Ask me no questions. Let me keep this, and I will bless you.* The time shall come—it must come—when shall have nothing to ask of me that I will not readily answer."

She let the box rest upon her knees, for she had not the power—or she dared not trust her nerves—to bend it there. She gazed into the youth's face a moment, and then, having laid the box upon the floor, she arose and went to the open window.

Enrique was wonderstruck and puzzled. All the old desire to question his strange guest came back to him with twofold power, but the lady must have broken the ice some had she not turned away. He gazed upon the open box, with its secret panel apartment still revealed, and then upon the form at the window. Finally he gained the mastery over his honor, and starting towards the spot where Flelda stood, he placed his hand upon her shoulder.

"Lady," he said, in hurried tone, "promise me that the time shall come when I shall know all, or shall be cleared up, and I will ask you no questions now."

I promise—promise and bless you, too," she answered, quickly and energetically.

"And where shall I find you?" asked the knight, gazing upon the broad, open expanse of the sea.

"I will find you," she replied. "Fear not of that, noble sir. Some mysterious shall not hide you from me. The time shall come—it may not be for many days—when every cloud of doubt and mystery shall be cleared away. Trust me—trust me."

"I will trust you," cried the young host, seizing the fair hand, and pressing it to his lips. "From—I'll not say more."

The lady turned again to the window, and when she left it she bade the youth "good night," and then called upon Theodora to accompany her to their sleeping room.

When Enrique was left alone he commenced to pace to and fro across the wide apartment, with his arms folded and his head bowed; and in this attitude he was interrupted by the entrance of his esquire.

"Under a cloud, eh?"

Enrique started and looked up.

"What can be the matter?"

"I see you so profoundly buried in something I thought you must be in a cloud—a mist," answered Gomez, with an honest expression.

"It's about which you see through?" the knight asked. "Or, my?" he added, in a hurried whisper, laying hold of his esquire's arm and pointing to the door in the corner, "can you tell me who she is?"

"I—don't you who she is! No, master. I can tell you nothing that you do not already know. But, why is she? Don't you know?"

"Would to God I did!"

"Ah—the old man's box," exclaimed Gomez, as he saw the cedar casket upon the floor. "You must preserve that."

"Why? Preserve it for what?" asked Enrique, quickly.

"The time may come when you will need it."

"But for what can I need it, Gomez? There's nothing in it but relics of the old man's death-a scene."

"Ah—there's no knowing what you may find when the time comes," said the esquire, somewhat uneasily.

"Look you," cried the knight, sinking into a chair as he spoke. "Be candid.—There.—Now listen to me: What is the secret of that box? She spoke wisely, and with authority, and Gomez moved nervously upon his stool. "Tell me, for I must know at once?"

"I cannot tell you, my master," answered the page, beseechingly.

"Cannot?" repeated Enrique, warmly. "You cannot, you will not, by the powers of heaven, I know you hold some knowledge not yet imparted to me. Oh! tell me what you know! What of this box? What did Fernandez ever say to you concerning it?"

"My master; I can only say, keep it safely. If I should die and leave you—"

"What, Gomez? What?"

"Then you must go and break it into pieces, and see what you find! If you love me, cause me not to break my oath!"

"Ah—I see. But listen, Gomez: To-night the lady Flelda asked me for this box, and I brought it. She opened it, and directly touched a secret spring which caused the cover to separate in two halves, and from between them she took a folded parchment, which she claimed as her own?"

The esquire seemed surprised for a moment, but he was not moved as his master had looked to see him, for he calmly replied—

"Then it must be hers."

He pondered a few seconds, and then added—

"Do not, my master, desire the interment was not did I know that it was parchment; but, since you know so much, I will tell you that I did know. Fernandez bade me see that this box was secretly kept; and he told you the same, though you thought he only meant that his relics should be preserved. I, however, knew that there was some thing in there which you might need in time to come—but what that might be, or how or when it served, I did not know. The old man only told me that in case anything should happen to prevent his delivering the box to you, I was to keep it safe, and see that the box was not lost. But still not the lady left you? Methinks she is the one to whom you should apply."

"I have applied to her, and she told me I should know all—"

"When?"

"In—in due time;—or—when she could do so," replied Enrique, hesitatingly.

"Then why not wait. Are you not willing to trust to that fair lady's honor?"

"Implicitly, Gomez—implicitly. At all events, there was much of regret in his tone; and his master felt it, for he paused for a moment, and then, extending both his hands, he said—

"Forgive me, Gomez. I will weary you no more. Let the matter rest. I will trust to the honor of its own accord, God and this good area be my protection!"

"Nobly spoken, my master. And now let me report. I have sent Bertrand to Reynos for men to come and fit out the galley, and they will be in the opening in the wood where we had the fray, then and there to dig ground for the hull of the ship."

"Right, good Gomez. We will be up betimes. Now, to our rest."

Enrique sought his bed, and after he had wearied himself over the strange mystery, he fell into a fitful sleep, he was content to lay his prayers and go to sleep.

And while he was thus occupied the lady Flelda was upon her loudest knees by the side of her couch. The prayers were in her closed hands, and her tears were falling upon her heaving bosom; and, in the stillness of the night, these words were up from her lips—

"Oh! Great God, I thank thee!"

CHAPTER XII.

BACK TO THE CAPITAL.

On the following morning, on the sea was up, Enrique and Gomez went out to the place where the fray had occurred, and found Bertrand, with fifty men from the town, already there. The knight had the bodies of those who had accompanied the ladies laid apart, and then he selected the spot where they should be buried. He had the pits later dug first, and by the time a few slaves were there. They might bury the others as they pleased.

After this Gomez was directed to get the horses together, and take them to Reynos and sell them.

Enrique saw the men set to work, saw the pits returned and rode back to the cot, where he found that the lady had just risen, and was about to take a breath of the fresh morning air. Pleasant, friendly salutations were exchanged, and then the knight went in to prepare breakfast with his own hands. A fire was built, and two fine, plump fowls which had been shot on the day before were soon spitted and placed for cooking. The lady Flelda looked on while her host was thus employed, and the slight shout which had rested upon her fair brow was suddenly dissipated as she entered into the host sentiment.

"Ah, noble lady boy," she said. "I can set out the table and prepare it."

"No, no, lady!" quickly responded Enrique. "Go you and take the air, and leave me to get breakfast."

"But I say—no," said Flelda, most decidedly. "If I may not prepare the table, let me have the task of cooking the fowls, or—or—I go. Now you need not say nay—for I am determined." And then speaking she rolled up her sleeves, and gently put the knight away from the fire.

In a little while the meal was ready, and the table was spread with the cooking and table-setting implements of the cot. When the meal was all prepared, Enrique and his two guests sat down and did ample justice to the viands before them.

"Are not the fowls done to suit you?" Flelda asked.

"Exactly," answered the knight.

"And the eggs—are they roasted properly?"

"They could not be better."

"I told you I could do it; and by doing it I have gained a great victory."

Thus they went on chatting until the meal was done, and then the knight asked the lady what she'd like to ride.

"Yes," she replied. "I should like it well."

"You will ascend the day here?"

"I don't know," said Flelda, thoughtfully. "All we that has happened I hope I must return to Bergen."

"Just the thing," cried Enrique. "To-morrow morning I shall set out for the capital myself, and then I can be your escort."

"Why not to-day?"

"Because my esquire has gone to Reynos with the horses of the dead men, and will not return until noon. And then I must see those who are at work for me making graves. But to-morrow, fair lady?"

"Then to-morrow be it," she responded.

The knight knew not why it was, but still he felt a deep joy when he knew he should have the company of the lady Flelda for the day. He hurried away, and soon had the horses at the door; and having seen his guests in their saddle, he leaped upon his own seat, and then led the way across the plain.

At the end of two hours, after riding over the plain, through the wood, and up and down wild mountain paths, Enrique drew up his horse within a deep nook by the crystal stream, and the lady Flelda was quickly by his side. She saw a great mound, and upon it a marble slab. Great trees were there, and, above all, a real shade upon the sacred spot, while the soft murmur of the limpid waters seemed to syllable a requiem for those who the memory of the departed. The woman gilded from her saddle, and approached the spot on foot. She bent over the stone, and read—

"FERNANDEZ;

A KNIGHT OF ARAGON.

His heart knew no guile in life.

His end was peaceful, and he died in God."

When she had read it she sank upon her knees, and bowed her head upon her hands.

"Noble, generous Fernandez!" she murmured. "God rest thy soul! Surely there was no guile in thee, and thy spirit must be at peace! Thy duty was truly, faithfully done!"

When she arose her cheeks were wet with tears, and the quivering of her lips told how deep and heartfelt were her emotions.

"You knew the good man?" said Enrique, reverently.

"I knew him well," she replied. "He was once my father's friend, and he died in my arms."

"So he was my best and only friend—my preserver, my guardian and my guide," added the knight, with deep feeling. He approached the grave after he had spoken, and knelt upon it. He thought he only meant that his relics should be preserved. I, however, knew that there was some thing in there which you might need in time to come—but what that might be, or how or when it served, I did not know. The old man only told me that in case anything should happen to prevent his delivering the box to you, I was to keep it safe, and see that the box was not lost. But still not the lady left you? Methinks she is the one to whom you should apply."

"I have applied to her, and she told me I should know all—"

"When?"

"In—in due time;—or—when she could do so," replied Enrique, hesitatingly.

"Then why not wait. Are you not willing to trust to that fair lady's honor?"

"Implicitly, Gomez—implicitly. At all events, there was much of regret in his tone; and his master felt it, for he paused for a moment, and then, extending both his hands, he said—

"Forgive me, Gomez. I will weary you no more. Let the matter rest. I will trust to the honor of its own accord, God and this good area be my protection!"

"Nobly spoken, my master. And now let me report. I have sent Bertrand to Reynos for men to come and fit out the galley, and they will be in the opening in the wood where we had the fray, then and there to dig ground for the hull of the ship."

"Right, good Gomez. We will be up betimes. Now, to our rest."

Enrique sought his bed, and after he had wearied himself over the strange mystery, he fell into a fitful sleep, he was content to lay his prayers and go to sleep.

And while he was thus occupied the lady Flelda was upon her loudest knees by the side of her couch. The prayers were in her closed hands, and her tears were falling upon her heaving bosom; and, in the stillness of the night, these words were up from her lips—

"Oh! Great God, I thank thee!"

CHAPTER XII.

BACK TO THE CAPITAL.

On the following morning, on the sea was up, Enrique and Gomez went out to the place where the fray had occurred, and found Bertrand, with fifty men from the town, already there. The knight had the bodies of those who had accompanied the ladies laid apart, and then he selected the spot where they should be buried. He had the pits later dug first, and by the time a few slaves were there. They might bury the others as they pleased.

After this Gomez was directed to get the horses together, and take them to Reynos and sell them.

Enrique saw the men set to work, saw the pits returned and rode back to the cot, where he found that the lady had just risen, and was about to take a breath of the fresh morning air. Pleasant, friendly salutations were exchanged, and then the knight went in to prepare breakfast with his own hands. A fire was built, and two fine, plump fowls which had been shot on the day before were soon spitted and placed for cooking. The lady Flelda looked on while her host was thus employed, and the slight shout which had rested upon her fair brow was suddenly dissipated as she entered into the host sentiment.

"Ah, noble boy," she said. "I can set out the table and prepare it."

"No, no, lady!" quickly responded Enrique. "Go you and take the air, and leave me to get breakfast."

"But I say—no," said Flelda, most decidedly. "If I may not prepare the table, let me have the task of cooking the fowls, or—or—I go. Now you need not say nay—for I am determined." And then speaking she rolled up her sleeves, and gently put the knight away from the fire.

In a little while the meal was ready, and the table was spread with the cooking and table-setting implements of the cot. When the meal was all prepared, Enrique and his two guests sat down and did ample justice to the viands before them.

"Are not the fowls done to suit you?" Flelda asked.

"Exactly," answered the knight.

"And the eggs—are they roasted properly?"

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At the end of two hours, after riding over the

"Then good-night—and God keep you!" pronounced Enrique, fervently.

"The same to you, sir, from my very heart!"

Enrique took and then turned into a narrow street leading to the left, and just here he overtook a figure, her attendant following her example. Enrique gazed after them, till they were out of sight, and then turned to his own way.

"This is a strange affair, Gomez," he said, in a discouraging tone.

"Of course it is," responded the other. "And perhaps it will be a much stranger affair before more strange yet."

"And I suppose you have some idea of what it is?" the knight muttered, rather inquisitively.

"Have no idea of anything about it," said Gomez, almost doggedly.

"Never mind," cried Enrique, more lightly. "If I can to see the light, the light I shall see. And there let it rest. Now withher go we?"

"To the palace!" the knight page pursued, "to report yourself there."

"Right, Gomez,—we will thither at once."

Without further remark they rode on, and ere long gave up at the gates of the royal residence. Enrique showed his passport, and was admitted without further question. When he reached the great door of the palace he gave his horse into the charge of Gomez, and then sent his page to the city, in the course of half an hour a page waited upon him, and bade him follow. The knight was led through many long passages, and when he stopped it was before a richly carved door with the words "Private" in a silken arrow. The page rapped at it, and in a few moments returned and motioned for Enrique to enter.

A flood of soft light burst upon Enrique's vision as he stepped into the apartment, and the first object of which he took any note was the king, who was seated upon a sumptuous divan at the upper end of the apartment. The knight advanced to the spot and made upon his knees.

"Rise, rise, Enrique de Moneta," spoke Alfonso, at the same time leaving his seat and grasping his hand as the head as he got up. "By my royal crown, sir knight," he added, as he ran his eyes over the stalwart form of the youth before him, "but you have been gaining most wonderfully!"

"I thank you, sire—I am well, sire," said the knight, with a slight tremor in his tone, for the royal presence said him pause.

"And are you just from the mountains?" Alfonso asked, resuming his seat.

"I have been there, sire."

"Be seated, Sir Enrique. This is no state affair, so we may be as free and natural and form as we usually 'mope.'"

The knight obeyed, but he was not yet wholly at ease. The king grand at him so accurately, and with such power to read his thoughts, that he was forced to break his eyes to the floor.

"Sir knight," said Alfonso continued: "Are you ready to challenge the prince?"

"Yes, sire," returned Enrique, his eye brightening, and his heart commencing their natural beat. "I will challenge him at once. Of course he will not refuse me, and I shall be ready in a few days."

"He does not do it," said the king, impressively. "What I think he would wish to do or if he did, for he hold's the champion's honor, and he must not be endangered. But, sir knight, you are not alone in this matter. You have many friends in court, and my command shall be obeyed. He shall not refuse you!"

Enrique was surprised by the monarch's vehemence, and he answered quickly and firmly—

"I do not want him as the prince," he explained—"I want him as my enemy, and as a knight. If he will not do me justice, as I have done him with a pure heart and upright intent," rejoined Alfonso, "and more when will you enter the lists?"

"At any time, sire. When can I confer with the prince?"

"When he shows himself, which I think will be to-morrow. At all events, if he is in the city he shall be here, and here you shall meet him. So you shall speak him, sir knight."

The page stepped forward from behind the arras, and announced the gentleman to the chamber in an angled before. Good night, fair sir, and a bushing rest."

Enrique returned a fitting response, and then followed the boy from the royal presence. When they reached the outer court-yard the page left him, and which he found to be the one that he had spent the night day in, he asked the page if his services could be sent for. Pedro answered in the affirmative, and then withdrew. It was not long before Gomez made his appearance, and the boy, who knew him, pointed him out to a small servant-man which he could use if he pleased.

Enrique was then Enrique related to his esquire what the king had said, and both master and man were filled with high hopes. They conversed awhile, and then retired—Gomez to retire upon the wooden floor he had gained, while Enrique could upon his soft and ample bed, and was soon lost in deepest and watery.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

COMFORT FOR HOMELY WOMEN.

In the somewhat history ugly women possess an advantage to which sufficient importance has not been attached. It is a common observation that husband and wife frequently resemble one another, and many ingenious theories, attempting to solve the problem by attributing it to sympathy, contemplation of one another's features, congeniality of habits and tastes of life, &c., have been built on the very common error of substituting the cause for the effect. And by the universal illusion in the matter, not the result of marriage. Every man, like Narcissus, becomes enamored of the reflection of himself, only choosing a substance instead of a shadow. Hence the say particular women is admired by one second hand, vanity reflected, compound equation. When he sees himself in the mirror of a woman's eyes, he exclaims: How admirably adapted for a wife, and forthwith makes the proposal which all suppose as congenially and literally calculated to bring him in contentment. The uglier he is, the more need he has of this consolation; he forms a peculiarly fond attachment to the "fascinating creature with the mob nose," or the "bewitching girl with the regular hair," (Anglice—squint), without ever suspecting that he is paying his addresses to himself, and playing the innumerable before a looking-glass. Pale sufferer from love, and very likely cousular: it is talking the flame from Hymen's torch and leaving the smoke. The most natural remedy to his progeny: he would rather see them resemble himself, particularly in his defects, than be modeled after the classical Cherubs or Cupids that ever emanated from the studio of Canova. One sometimes encounters a man of most unqualified hideousness, who obviously considers himself an Adonis; and when such a one has to seek a congenial Venus, it is evident that her value will be in the inverse ratio of her charms. Upon this principle ugly women will be converted into belles, perfect frights will become irresistible, and none need despair of conquests if they have but the happiness to be sufficiently plain.

A WARNING TO WORSHIPERS OF THE IDEAL.

The ancient inhabitants of Amathus, in the island of Cyprus, were the most celebrated statuaries in the world, which they almost exclusively supplied with gods and goddesses. Every one who had a mind to be in the vogue ordered his deity from these inexhaustible artists; even Jupiter himself was hardly considered orthodox and worship-worthy, unless emanating from the established fraternity of the Cyprotes; and as to Juno, Venus, Minerva, and Diana, it was admitted that they had a peculiar knack in their manufacture, and it need hardly be added that they drove a roaring trade in those commodities. But this monopoly was more favorable to the fortunes than to the happiness of the parties. By connecting all existing shame less beauty and aspiring to the representation of celestial beauty by fostering the exhibition of their imaginations in the pursuit of the hem ideal, they acquired a distaste, or at least an indifference, for mortal attractions, and turned up their noses at their fair countrywomen for not being Juno and Minerva. Not one of them equaled the model which had been conjured up in their minds, and not one of them, consequently, would they deign to notice. At the public games, the women were all assembled together, whispering and looking glass, while the men congregated as far from them as possible, discussing the statues. Had they been passing upon politics, you might have sworn in Athens, Sparta party. Dancing was entirely unless the ladies chose to lead out one another; the priests wasted their breath in prayer for want of the women's offerings; Hymen's altar was covered with as many cobwebs as a poor's box; successive seasons rose and set, and the world stood still; and the whole island threatened to become an unpeopled colony of bachelors and old maids.

In this emergency Pygmalion, the most eminent statuary of the place, failing for the want of his own works, a figure of Diana, which happened to please his fancy, and is performed, implored Venus to animate the marble; and she, as is well known to every person conversant with the Greek mythology, graciously granted his request. So far as this couple were concerned, one would have imagined that the story would terminate in the usual the remedy was worse than the disease. The model of perfection was now among them, alive and breathing; its men were peri-ctly mad, belonging to the fair sex was admitted to be the height of joy to sit her; all other women were hateful and positive limit, and of course the whole female population was removed, by all the Furies. Marmoreo (such was the name of the animated statue) was so illustrious a beauty that the most slight failure was seen in its marble; if the scandalous chronicles of those days may be believed, she had more than one fair rival lover; certain it is that she was the cause of constant quarrels and faction in which many lives were lost, and Pygmalion himself was at last found murdered in the street, with his head battered in. The whole island was now on the point of a civil war on account of the unparalleled Pygmalion. Hints, consisting of the unexpected women, in a fit of jealousy, stabbed her to the heart, and immediately after killed themselves in the same manner.

Such is the tragedy which would probably be enacting at the present moment in every country of the world, but for the fortunate circumstance that we have no faultless models of beauty, and of imaginary, and by a necessary and happy consequence no determinate rule of symmetry. Those in deformity that does not find admirers, and no lovers that have not a decided objection. Accordingly, the Africans prize, received so many admirations from a celebrated belle of London, that in a moment of tenderness, he could not refrain from laying his head on his lover and exclaiming, "Ah! madam, if there were but a little more room in a negress, you would have been irresistible!"

THE WAY TO LONG LIFE.

The way to long life is to avoid the ardent physician,) like as that of everlasting happiness, sobriety and difficult. Temperance, many cannot live like mercenaries, to be observed; and those even it is unless to observe, unless a person be descended from healthy parents and have brought into the world with him a sound constitution. I will suppose that this is the case, and that the person of whom I am who desires to attain old age must be, in early youth and in his prime, a most his strength and his way whatever. With this view he must avoid too severe study, which is the bane of many, because their owners know from experience that they are weak, and because prematurely old and unserviceable, unless this indulgence be allowed them. It is most unfavorable. But he should not begin children into these bones; for these will be many and so fear as those mentioned, yet they are of far greater importance to the State; and parents ought not to forget, that their children are part of themselves and the existing indefinitely part of their child, and it is therefore their duty to be as tender of them as of their own persons.

THE DEATH OF FRIENDS.

There is something very sad in the death of friends. We feel ourselves left alone in the world, lonely, and to make up our minds to die. We are left behind, as it were, and age, and decrepit sights, and a hundred dark things appear to us. But our friends pass away, we lament them as though we had considered them immortal. Of this—for we suppose, it is wise that we should attach ourselves to things which are mortal, and which must pass away—that this a perilous trust when a man the his hopes on the fruit is liable to wrongs. They are a gentle, unobtrusive, as true in sorrow, so natural and soothing—that the best philosophy and the purest religion fade not more absurdly into darkness. They are the very air we breathe, the very wing; and our friends tell us that it is not wise to grieve, for that which is mortal perishes. They do not know that we grieve for more than we would dare to say, and they grieve now, when hope is dead within us.

"ORDER IS HEAVEN'S FIRST LAW."

Gathered from this subject every well-disposed mind derives from the sight of local regularity and symmetry, is so obvious and general, that it scarcely needs illustration. A number of books thrown without order on a table, however common with literary men, is uncomfortable to behold; the same book, ranged in parcels of correspondent position, and especially in directions parallel with the edge of the table, will please the eye; delicious viands placed on a table at random and in disorder, will, even to many an epicure, appear less inviting than lobster dinner ranged in neat and appropriate symmetry.

LITTLE ARTHUR.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

The wind, in play, brushed a sigh,
And the ocean moan hushed from the sky,
To see a blue-eyed baby die.

A harsh bang o'er his cradle hid,
Till his young mother shrieked and said:
"My child—my darling—he is dead."

Then oft she turned, in sweet lower's woe,
Her breathless cradle boy's curly gold glow;
And murmured on:—"Dead, O God, and gone!"

But with calm hour and restless eye,
And lip that had no sigh or reply,
His poor father saw him die.

"I loved this child—how deeply, oh,
God and my angels only know!
He said, with mournful voice and slow.

"But by his lofty, marbled brow,
And proud curved lips I cannot know how—
Have I been faithful to him for me now.

"Ay, in his deep and glorious eyes
There was a calm that in the ocean lies
On Heaven—before the storm arise.

"I've dreamed of this dreadful hour would sweep
A youth's joy—all our eyes would weep—
That instant life—every pulse—to stop.

"And now, from all its frame had spurned,
The Eternal His vital spirit has returned
His heart to adore, is returned.

"My baby-Arthur! Oh, I said
To thy sweet grave's love-haunted air,
And plant the rose and myrtle there.

"And when the winds of autumn sweep
In sobbings o'er my place of deep,
I'll hear their wail—and still not weep.

"Ay, when my eyes again sight regain,
I'll kneel and thank God in my pain
That—saved my child—I've lost the other!"

THE COUNTERFEITER;
OR,
THE FOURPENCE-HALFPENNY.

A TALE OF CRIME AND SUPERSTITION.

BY A PRISON CHAPLAIN.

There was a clanking of chains within the cell as the turnkey opened the door to see if all had gone to prepare his mind of the doomed to meet death on the morrow.

"Shall I look you in with him, or wait?" asked the turnkey, as he stood holding the half-open, massive door, which was as thick as a family Bible, and all latticed with iron bars, and studded with the heads of enormous nails, white the inside—there were two—were a foot square, and of vast strength.

The light with which entered the cell passed through a barred lattice like door, a few feet square. In the rear, high up, was a crevice for air, but it opened only into the ventilator. The cell was seven feet long, six and a half high, and three feet wide. There was a shelf in the wall, four wide, and, save one foot space, as long as the cell. It was a tomb for a living man, in which he was buried before he was dead.

It was a pleasant Thursday afternoon. All was sunshine and life without. It was a fine morning before my eyes became accustomed to the gloom.

"Lock me in," I said replied; "I shall be here half an hour, and your services may be elsewhere needed."

The turnkey shoved the enormous bolts, double locking the cell, and I heard his retreating footsteps.

Upon the side of the cot sat a pale young man, with wild eyes and a fixed, resolute compressure of the lips. He was heavily ironed by the ankles to a ring in the floor. There were manacles upon his wrists as large as wristlets, for he had twice broken prisons, and was known to be a desperate man.

"You sent for me, Cullingham," I said, quietly, as I laid my hand mildly and kindly upon his wrists, as his hands lay upon his knees, chained to them. "I have come at your request. I am pleased that, after refusing the consolation of religion, you have voluntarily asked for them."

"Religion is of no use to me now, sir. I am too far gone in the devil's way ever to hope to get to Heaven. I've been a desperate man, but that's past. There is no more repentance for me, and I haven't time to repent, as I am to be hanged to-morrow forenoon."

"Why did you send for me?" I asked.

"To talk with you. I am in horrors when alone. You can do me as much good by staying with me as by trying to convert me, which will be of no use. Besides, sir, I wish to tell you how I came to be here. I wish to have it understood by some human being before I leave the world, but mainly I wish to show up wife's innocence. I wish you to hear my story, and when I am dead, let the world know her innocence of that crime. Sit down, sir, and listen to an awful tale. *Its story must be cleared!*"

I yielded to his request, and took a seat on the side of the cot with him, resolving, after he should have done, to bring to bear upon him the offers of God's mercy through the cross, even to the chief sat criminals.

"You know, sir, that my father was a man in good circumstances for a country merchant. He was not religious, but a moral man, and brought me up in the fear of God as well as he could. I was fifteen years old, when, one day, my father's clerk, in going out of the counting-room with some money, accidentally left the door open, and a penny on the desk. At the right, I felt a covetous desire to possess it. My conscience told me it was wrong. I had never taken anything from my belonging to me. This temptation was great because I had been all day wishing to ask my father for just this sum to buy a top (all the boys had tops), and was afraid to, as he was very strict, and seldom gave me any money. I let it lay for ten minutes, and as the clerk did not return, I stifled my conscience, and slipped it off upon the floor, and covered it with a piece of paper with my foot, thus leaving a loophole for escape should it be missed.

"An hour elapsed, and the clerk having come and gone several times, I watched my opportunity, and, with a beating heart, raised it, and concealing it in my shut hand, thrust the hand into my pocket, and went whistling and blushing out of doors. Sir, that first theft placed me here. In exchange for that piece of silver, behold these heavy chains of iron on my hands and feet. *In this hand I received the money.* So the hand now, locked in hold of iron. Ah, sir, warn the young hot against the first theft!

"This successful pilfering tempted me again. The clerk slept in the same room with me. When he went to bed one night, I heard money rattle in his trousers pocket as he flung them off upon the floor. The idea that I might take a sixpence, and that it would never be missed, took possession of me. It was, however, not until I had thought it over for three nights, that I resolved and dared to attempt it. He was a heavy sleeper. I crept out of bed and clung the door, and put my hand between by my God's great eye, into his pocket. I felt carefully for a sixpence, but there was nothing less than a quarter of a dollar. I hesitated, and was startled at the idea of taking so much, and fearful he might miss it, careless as he was of change; but the devil urged me on, and I took it. I hid it under a corner of the rug, so that if he missed and looked for it, it might easily be found, and he supposed to have rolled out. He did not miss it, and, having concealed it, I took another piece, half a dollar. Ah, sir, that fourpence-half penny! That ten shillings' book which the devil bailed to catch my soul with!

"In the course of two months I had abstracted from his pocket, in all at least one dollars, and from my father's nine dollars; for my success with the clerk's change tempted me to try my father's pockets by stealing into his bed room when he was asleep.

"As few men seldom count their loose pocket-money, or those gatherings of one to one cent a half a dollar, and usually in such a case there was unfortunately, but undetected, for if it had been, it might have checked my career in time.

Five months after I had commenced this petty thieving, the change for six months was in the hands of the same taken, and that is the most manly of my father's money. Originally, it was a great guilt to steal from a father as from a stranger, if not actually more wicked; my father left to go on a call-selling tour, and the clerk being sick, I was advised to remain in the counting-room to give answers to people who came on business, for I took the letter from the post-office. In looking them over, I saw one addressed to Lord Mayor. I was satisfied of this by holding it up to the light, and seeing the vignettes through the thin letter paper.

"Here now, sir, was a temptation, and one I never should have had, nor the devil have dared to have presented it to me, but for that first fourpence half-penny.

"'No,' said I to the devil; 'no. These are bills. That is too much. I dare not take such a thing.' So I put the letter *firmly* aside.

"But a dozen times in the day the temptation came back upon me. That night I could not sleep till late, for thinking of it.

"I finally went to sleep, resolving I would just open the letter, and see the bank-note was to be, could seal it again. It would do no harm. There was no danger of my taking it.

"The letter was from a country town—the handwriting that of an illiterate person. It was sealed in the old-fashioned way with wax, and, after I had the counting-room door, guarded against being interrupted, I drew them softened the wax with my tongue. I opened the unresisting seal with her and trembling. It was from a countryman, who had owed my father three years, and was now only able to send him seven dollars. The money was in a five, a three, four four, and the rest one dollar bills. I hardly watched at the bills, but folded the letter up, and left the money as it was, for money is it. I did not recall it, sir, and thus I voluntarily left the bank-bill in my care. It was a big a boy tell me there was to be a training in the village next day, and asked my father to let me have six shillings to go. I was ashamed to say I had no money. I watched my chance, in the absence of the twenty-five dollars, and said 'yes,' inwardly resolved to abstract a new dollar bill, and pay and replace it in some way (perhaps I intended to do it from the clerk's pocket) as I might find it. But I then came back. I took the bill, sir.

"But why speak of it? I was born, sir! but it relieves me to tell you this. Those were my first steps, sir, into guilt. My father did not return for two weeks. Before that time I had abstracted four dollars and then taken away by me, beginning at the smallest bill, and, as I grew bolder, increasing to the large one. I spent it in riding, supper and drinking. I was dreadful to meet my father, and would never do to give him the letter. So I destroyed it, sir. I resolved to be a man of money, the notice would suppose it had been lost in the mail.

"Well, three weeks after my father's return, he asked me if I had received a letter from him. I answered slowly and tremblingly, but relieved myself with the thought that I knew.

"But like *like murders*, will out. The postmaster, in reply to an inquiry from my father, and firmly he had received and entered such a letter to me. My father then accused me of the crime. I confessed it, and, to escape the punishment which I expected for me, I left home. In Philadelphia I got on board a sloop going down the river, and reached the city of New York, where I went before the mast, and went on a foreign voyage. But the spirit of God was in my heart. I became dissipated, was arrested and tried on the return voyage, and thrown into prison. I escaped, became a burglar, and joined myself with counterfeiters. Ah, sir, that little bit and a quarter cost piece were evil fruit after long years of sin and crime.

"Now, sir, not to be tedious, I will come to the point. My counterfeiter I had joined, was a rough money, dressed well, and was regarded in a town where I opened a signal-shop as a respectable man. I took young men. I was the heart there of Charlestown Foley, the daughter of an academy preceptor. She was, as you know, sir, for you have been long beautiful and sensible. I loved her as passionately, as the spirit of God in me would permit me to love, and she suspected nothing wrong, although I was then one of the leading men of the town of twenty-four counterfeiters. At length I was betrayed by one of the counterfeiters, and I was sent to the prison for my wife, and wished to get me out of the way? Yes, sir, that was the motive of Ezekiel Stone's informing upon me? But he was to be rewarded! This hand was the bullet to his brain which has avenged me! You know, sir, that I was arrested after having killed two of the officers, and that I was sentenced to be executed. I was tried, sir and a-quarter cents, sir, has thus been the death of three men, as my career of crime began with it.

"Well, when Charlotte knew that she had been married to a counterfeiter she did not give me up, as some would have done! She clung to me, and by a ruse to see me in prison; but as the request of my wife. She was forbidden to visit me as I lay under sentence of death. But man had no power to stop her affection for me. She appealed the governor! She implored forgiveness for me! She entreated for commutation of my sentence to imprisonment for life! When he refused, she would not wait until she had got hundreds of signatures to a petition to him. She achieved her affectionate purpose. I was removed from this very condemned cell where I now am once more sentenced to die, to the Penitentiary! Now, sir, comes the bitterest cup I have drunk!

"A wicked son told my poor young wife, when she was again denied seeing me, that if she would commit a small crime of some sort that would send her to the Penitentiary, she might be with me and share my cell! He who told this was that devil Morton; for, finding that she was faithful and true to me, and despised him and his arts, he told this trap to ruin her forever by making a convict of her! He took advantage of her simplicity and her deep love for me, aware that she would do anything to be in cell with me! Ah, sir, I was not worthy of such a creature! Well, she stole the first thing she could lay her hands on. It was the watch of a lawyer's wife who lived near her. The lawyer appeared against her! She confessed her guilt, as you know! but not the motive! This I was not to tell you, sir, that the world may know it. She was sent to the Penitentiary, and I—I—how can she put into my cell? Did I see her? Ah, sir, you have heard me speak of it!

Here he groaned heavily and buried his face in his hands. For some time he remained silent and evidently overcome with terrible emotions.

He said rightly that I knew her it was. I will tell the reader. The theft which the beautiful and unhappy counterfeiter's wife had committed created great surprise. Her trial created a great deal of interest and of sympathy for her. But as no watch was found on her person and she confessed the theft, the law had to take its course, was unfortunately, but undetected, for if it had been, it might have checked my career in time.

Five months after I had commenced this petty thieving, the change for six months was in the hands of the same taken, and that is the most manly of my father's money. Originally, it was a great guilt to steal from a father as from a stranger, if not actually more wicked; my father left to go on a call-selling tour, and the clerk being sick, I was advised to remain in the counting-room to give answers to people who came on business, for I took the letter from the post-office. In looking them over, I saw one addressed to Lord Mayor. I was satisfied of this by holding it up to the light, and seeing the vignettes through the thin letter paper.

"Here now, sir, was a temptation, and one I never should have had, nor the devil have dared to have presented it to me, but for that first fourpence half-penny.

"'No,' said I to the devil; 'no. These are bills. That is too much. I dare not take such a thing.' So I put the letter *firmly* aside.

"But a dozen times in the day the temptation came back upon me. That night I could not sleep till late, for thinking of it.

"I finally went to sleep, resolving I would just open the letter, and see the bank-note was to be, could seal it again. It would do no harm. There was no danger of my taking it.

"The letter was from a country town—the handwriting that of an illiterate person. It was sealed in the old-fashioned way with wax, and, after I had the counting-room door, guarded against being interrupted, I drew them softened the wax with my tongue. I opened the unresisting seal with her and trembling. It was from a countryman, who had owed my father three years, and was now only able to send him seven dollars. The money was in a five, a three, four four, and the rest one dollar bills. I hardly watched at the bills, but folded the letter up, and left the money as it was, for money is it. I did not recall it, sir, and thus I voluntarily left the bank-bill in my care. It was a big a boy tell me there was to be a training in the village next day, and asked my father to let me have six shillings to go. I was ashamed to say I had no money. I watched my chance, in the absence of the twenty-five dollars, and said 'yes,' inwardly resolved to abstract a new dollar bill, and pay and replace it in some way (perhaps I intended to do it from the clerk's pocket) as I might find it. But I then came back. I took the bill, sir.

"But why speak of it? I was born, sir! but it relieves me to tell you this. Those were my first steps, sir, into guilt. My father did not return for two weeks. Before that time I had abstracted four dollars and then taken away by me, beginning at the smallest bill, and, as I grew bolder, increasing to the large one. I spent it in riding, supper and drinking. I was dreadful to meet my father, and would never do to give him the letter. So I destroyed it, sir. I resolved to be a man of money, the notice would suppose it had been lost in the mail.

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(Concluded on page 4.)

He made no reply. The turnkey now came and released me, and with a sad heart I took leave of the hardened criminal.

As the heavy door was closing upon him, he said:

"Tell the boys in your school, sir, about the desperate Cullingsay, and make them fear such stolen silver seed will yield in the end!" and he spoke he shook his manacles and rattles till they rang again.

The next day he suffered the full penalty of the law, dying as he had lived and without repentance, leaving in his fate a warning to all who yield to temptation in trifles—alluding their sin to the fact that a gimlet hole will sink a ship as surely as one made with an auger, give it time.

GIVING ADVICE.

The disposition, impulse, instinct, propensity, or what you will, towards giving advice, is so universal among men, that, with the sole exception of those who sell it, no class in the community is exempt from the failing. They, indeed, who live by the trade, have such cautious enough how they scatter their pearls to swine. The doctor, when, to the question, "Doctor, what would you advise me to take?" answered, "Take advice," is the type of the whole of his class. Lawyers, first and chief, are equally acrostinous and cruculic, and they learn from in their associates with such phalanxes of "if" and "but," as seldom fail to leave the consultation in greater doubt than before. Yet, strange to say, this organ which is known the only species that is implicitly followed. So much, indeed, does the virtue of all counsel lie in the fee, that the best opinion is held to be useless if gratuitously proffered, or even acknowledging that worth for which another does not hesitate to part without a sigh. It is difficult to attribute the universal habit of advising to its facility; for certainly nothing is more difficult for a looker-on, who proverbially sees most of the game, to pick holes in the play of those for those who are out of a scrape, and feel some of the consequences to say, "If I were you," or "in your case," or "how can you be so silly?" Nor is the proof less that it is the fee which "gives" or forever prone to teach their grandsire to suck eggs.

It seems, however, not altogether improbable that the motive for giving advice may arise, in no inconsiderable degree, from a kind conviction that it will never be taken; for it is never so customarily received as when the giver is "certain" that it is absolutely impracticable. For this type of folly many good reasons might be assigned, but we will confine ourselves to this one—that the receiver of good advice has the pertest time in making a friend in his adversity, and that there is no more important and more unpleasant task than proving "Lend me a hundred dollars;" "Sue the rich man;" "Turn off your solicitor," or "Lift all your own affairs;" or "You know you would have your own way" "As you have, so you may have it," are the usual responses to the above invited pieces, through which the enemy can never put questions to your pocket.

THE TOOTH-ACHE.

Of all the sympathetic incidents in the human frame, the tooth-ache is one of the most painful. Its sympathies are with the whole body. It slightly give large sums to any one who should discover a speedy and certain cure for it. We frequently you hear this observation with reference to any fatal complaint; but we make use of it now not what they are talking about.

Tooth-ache is a species of disease of which there are many varieties. To talk of a specific for tooth ache is, in reality, just as absurd as to desire a specific for all the diseases of the human body. For a multitude of evils, which are comprehended, indeed, under one common name, has the most real nature of which are not only very different from each other, but even contrary to one another. He little, then, as we can expect to discover a remedy that shall remove the agonies of a universal specific for all diseases, because many of these diseases are themselves remedies, so little can we build upon an infallible remedy for tooth-ache. Many of the most excruciating which in certain cases have removed the toothache have in others either been a cause or given hope aggravated the complaint; and that a single remedy should be found to be a specific for as all other universal remedies without exception.

The tooth-ache has been long, and it would, it has no small influence on a person's general health, to say be attended with sleepless nights, high fevers, delirium, mania, tumors, caries of the bones, convulsions, evenom, and other distressing symptoms. Many constitutions have been entirely prevent from the following causes: 1. From bodily pain; 2. From inflammation of the nervous membrane that covers the teeth and spreads into the gums; 3. From the acrid matter which, by a sudden upon the nerves of the teeth; 4. From a rheumatic affection of the joints, either accidental or of some other kind; 5. From a fit of the gout; 6. From debility; 7. From decay of the teeth; 8. From constitutional debility, from disorder of the stomach, from a different kinds of tooth-ache, and in that cases there is greater latitude in the choice of remedies.

LIFE—DEATH.

There dwells amidst Cairo, near the Pulse Mosque, a barbarous people, called the Ahmi, whose life is a hateful secret, which they set up in the ground and worshipped, and whose greatest glory and happiness consisted in slaughtering their fellow-creatures, and employing their skins for horsecovers. This brutal nation was, so far as we can learn, the only one that absolutely refused admittance to die of old age. This maxim, nevertheless, was not to be found in their code of laws; on the contrary virtue to sacrifice one's life for the public weal; but this was a sentiment borne only by persons who, if he sacrifice his life for his fellow-citizens and his country. No purpose would you promise him the pure joys of heaven, and the everlasting glories on which his soul will feast itself. He would rather be utterly forgotten from the present moment, and renounce a future state altogether, than give up a single year of his voluptuous life. Between these two extremes the wise will choose a middle course. We must not hold life so lightly as to throw it away, neither ought death to appear so terrible as to make us hesitate to surrender it, when important occasions demand the sacrifice.

SHARKS AND SHARK-FISH

Sharks must be much more common in our waters than we commonly suppose, at least as some seasons of the year, if we may judge from the number caught, by those who know where and how to fish for them. The most common mode of taking them at sea are with a large hook or a harpoon, the former (which is thrown like a harpoon, but is differently formed at the point). Sailors in the West Indies are accustomed to tie animal, to get sharks into their power, chiefly from an opinion that the animal is the favorite food of sport. It is true that a small part of a porpoise is often taken with a hook and eaten, when other fresh meat is not to be had; but it is not a favorite, even with the sailors themselves.

In some countries sharks are allowed to live after being taken, but are treated in a barbarous manner, being thrown again in the water, to afford a cruel sport to their captors. A hole is cut into the fish's head, into which a small piece of lead is driven at an angle inclined forward. The effect of this is, as soon as it begins to swim, the animal's course upward, and being thus up to the surface. Then he is unable to pursue his way deep into the water, and is destroyed, partly by himself frequently riding against his will. Now and then, as if accidentally, a sailing thrusts a knife when, and contrives to overcome the difficulty. In state of will all his own, he

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1856.

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Rejected Manuscripts.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

LOST BOOKS.

Numerous as they are, what are the books presented to congress which are not missed! We have lost The dead mass of mankind scarcely remember the existing generation more profoundly than do the books that have perished centuries before it made to us. Men are naturally sensitives, and there has probably prevailed, in all ages since the first invention of letters, a much more extensive literature than is dreamt of in our philosophy. Cyprianellus, the ancient King of Egypt, if literature may be credited, built a library in his palace, which was filled with what the well-known inscription—"Physic for the Soul"—Job-wise thought his attorney had written a book, probably for the consolation of cutting it up in some Quarterly or Jerusalem Review; the emperors, in all events, indicated a greater activity "in the Trade" than we are apt to ascribe to those gentlemen. Alexandria was also made in the Scriptures to the library of the Kings of Persia, as well as in more than built by Nebuchadnezzar. Ptolemy Philadelphus had a collection of 700,000 volumes destroyed by Cæsar's burning of the Alexandrian Library, burnt by the Caliph Omar, contained 400,000 manuscripts. What a combustible race of mankind we are! Even in comparatively recent ages—the wisdom of the world—all simultaneously converted into smoke and ashes, as if the whole fry would have sold, is to put out the fire of genius by that of the torch; the ancient Mexicans, of reason in that of its own funeral pyre; to make matter once more intensely mere mud. Possibly however, our loss is rather imaginary than real—greater in quantity than in quality. Mere bookfacts, like their frames, continue pretty much the same in all ages, and the human faculty, limited in its sphere of action, and operating always upon the same materials, soon arrives at a point beyond which leaves us nothing to do but to ring the changes upon antiquity. Half our epic poems are modifications of Homer, descending from one to that primitive model; our Occidian elegies, our Tirdeles and our Anacreontics are but reminiscences of first parents in features as well as in name. Few things are visible in the history of our progressive race, we raise new crops of the old grain, and pass away to manure the intellectual field for future harvests of the same description. Destruction and reproduction is the system of the moral as well as of the physical world.

THE LITTLE ALEXANDERS.

Human action is capable of performance on the most varying scale, whether it be right or wrong action. Men may be heroically or meanly wicked, bonchers or nabobbers, in degree—humble flower of good deeds in capacity, with few eyes, beside those of the Allseeing, witnessing their sins, or public benefactors, blessing whole communities, or states, or even nations, with their bounty of head and hand and purse.

The deeds of the great make the real, ever and anon, business among the small ones. But, unfortunately for the world's good, the great deeds of a move spt to be imitated than the good—the deeds of a Nero or a Caligula, rather than those of a Titus, a Trajan, of a possessing final rather than a Paul preaching peace and good will, of a Hannibal rather than a Howard, of an Arnold rather than a Washington. The military conquerors have had imitators by thousands, and some of them more than the world-conqueror, Alexander the Great. But, what is most unfortunate about the latter class is that they are to be met in all the paneled walks of life. When he conquered the half of the then known world, he exhibited the weak side of his character by weeping because there was no more bloody work for him to do—no more worlds to conquer. So they, after they have conquered wives, every difficulties in the way of their ascendancy—their triumphant marches to fame or fortune, which they have, perhaps, reached by treachery or by absurdity—isolate him with exhibitions of the most puerile ambition, and find themselves—as he, because they cannot accomplish more! He quarreled with his best friends, those who helped him into fame. So do these little Alexanders. Perhaps they slay them, in their frenzy, as he did, and commit suicide in the end, by not having the latitude to complain—for this the Great Alexander virtually did, when he drank himself to death!

STREET EDUCATION.

Probably there never has been a summer vacation among the schools of New York during which so many children have been kept in the country as the one recently closed. The absence of noisy urchins from the streets was so marked as scarcely to have escaped the notice of the most casual observer. All this he could not have failed to reflect. Of all the schools in which a child may be found, there is none so bad as that in which he gets his street education. This is bad enough anywhere, but especially bad in large cities.

SYMPATHIES AND FRIENDSHIPS.

Were antipathies entirely confined to human nature, it might be more ashamed of itself than it has reason to be, considering the actual state of the case. For, starting as it does in antagonism, its aversions in common with all things animal and vegetable, as well as with the meanest production of nature, it may console itself in the certainty that these repugnances are quite incompatible from moral as well as material existence, in its most sublime as well as its lowest gradations. Pliny, at the head of the naturalists, points out the antipathy existing between stones, even as well as minerals and metals. The diamond, he remarks, is in discussion with the loadstone, while a particular stone, called by the Greeks Ophites, repulses iron with as much force as the magnet attracts it. Among minerals and metals, gold and mercury unite together with an ardor equal to human friendships, while others oppose and fly of from their associates in the crucible, with as every quenching and asperity as might be found among the chief nobles of the most remantic and unsophisticated villages. It is the same with plants. The vine has its peculiar attachments and antipathies. It can live on excellent terms with the elm, and betrays round the apple-tree with the most endearing fondness; but the vicinage of a cabbage is mortal to its existence, and sometimes even to its existence. It is unnecessary to swell the list of vegetable animosities; but let us look for a moment at animal life. We see in the meanest of the feelings that impel the sheep to slum the wolf, or the dove to fly from the kite. It is an instinct to ask why, as to demand a reason for the rich man's contempt for the poor man, or for a verdict from an attorney. But how are we to account for the terrible lion trembling at the cowing of a cock, the ponderous elephant waddling off at the sight of the ram, or the valiant war-horse shuddering at the odor of the camel? These are extraordinary facts that force us into the mysteries of research, and lead to the study of the laws of sympathies and dislikes. There can be no doubt that the secret, in these instances, as in every other, is possessed by our genius against the whole of another, contrasts in some mysterious way with construction, that we may indulge a hope of seeing one day discovered.

RAVENSBUTTERS

In the whole vocabulary of social pests there is nothing more contemptible than the ravensbutter. This is true of him whether his practices spring from the malice of perfect coolness, or from that of the mischief-maker combined. The only apparent motive for his existence seems to be to supersede wickedness to weakness. Did all those who are addicted to eavesdropping come within the reach of the police, the world would not be so good as it now is. It is not, indeed, from those who are addicted to this sort of dwellings by night, to catch our family secrets, and subsequently from the windows, that we may retail them with the tongue of the gossip, that we have much to fear. They are the merest beginners and comparatively powerless towards the great mass of the people. It is rather, a much higher class, who are found to be built by Nehemiah. Pitcoxy Philadelphia had a collection of 700,000 volumes destroyed by Cæsar's burning of the Alexandrian Library, burnt by the Caliph Omar, contained 400,000 manuscripts. What a combustible race of mankind we are! Even in comparatively recent ages—the wisdom of the world—all simultaneously converted into smoke and ashes, as if the whole fry would have sold, is to put out the fire of genius by that of the torch; the ancient Mexicans, of reason in that of its own funeral pyre; to make matter once more intensely mere mud. Possibly however, our loss is rather imaginary than real—greater in quantity than in quality. Mere book-facts, like their frames, continue pretty much the same in all ages, and the human faculty, limited in its sphere of action, and operating always upon the same materials, soon arrives at a point beyond which leaves us nothing to do but to ring the changes upon antiquity. Half our epic poems are modifications of Homer, descending from one to that primitive model; our Occidian elegies, our Tirdeles and our Anacreontics are but reminiscences of first parents in features as well as in name. Few things are visible in the history of our progressive race, we raise new crops of the old grain, and pass away to manure the intellectual field for future harvests of the same description. Destruction and reproduction is the system of the moral as well as of the physical world.

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FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

NOTES OF A SUMMER TOUR.

NUMBER VI.

Slow old Boston is waking up at last. Washington street is now by no means a dead town. Old landmarks are fast disappearing, new stores are being erected in their place, the old ones are busier, and the wheel of progression is going round in that building, in a way to make an old resident stare. What a pity Boston is not a live city!

Torturing with a new fever and melting cough during my stay there, I could only ride round to make my investigations, with the exception of one short walk, during which I had the felicity of meeting the greatest scoundrel that Boston can boast—a tight hardly worth rising from a sick bed for, by the by. Thought I, for the sake of the Commons' (how I like that good, homely name,) does I found my eyes upon its fountain and lawn, for green banks and its nicely-kept gravel walks, over which this low so closely waves its fan-like branches, that it would seem as if even them to be the same year fan-gated to tread, up and down, and down, in all weather and hours, but chiefly when nature seemed in just the only and most enchanting comfort of quiet and spirit-like loneliness. Old associations, how thick and fast they throng! Thirty-five, five years ago, I remember, that an eyes has miles could envy, upon these very walks, more than a hundred and twenty of the finest, and the little, merry fun party, and during at the odor of the school. How strangely extraordinary facts that force us into the mysteries of research, and lead to the study of the laws of sympathies and dislikes. There can be no doubt that the secret, in these instances, as in every other, is possessed by our genius against the whole of another, contrasts in some mysterious way with construction, that we may indulge a hope of seeing one day discovered.

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In the whole vocabulary of social pests there is nothing more contemptible than the ravensbutter. This is true of him whether his practices spring from the malice of perfect coolness, or from that of the mischief-maker combined. The only apparent motive for his existence seems to be to supersede wickedness to weakness. Did all those who are addicted to eavesdropping come within the reach of the police, the world would not be so good as it now is. It is not, indeed, from those who are addicted to this sort of dwellings by night, to catch our family secrets, and subsequently from the windows, that we may retail them with the tongue of the gossip, that we have much to fear. They are the merest beginners and comparatively powerless towards the great mass of the people. It is rather, a much higher class, who are found to be built by Nehemiah. Pitcoxy Philadelphus had a collection of 700,000 volumes destroyed by Cæsar's burning of the Alexandrian Library, burnt by the Caliph Omar, contained 400,000 manuscripts. What a combustible race of mankind we are! Even in comparatively recent ages—the wisdom of the world—all simultaneously converted into smoke and ashes, as if the whole fry would have sold, is to put out the fire of genius by that of the torch; the ancient Mexicans, of reason in that of its own funeral pyre; to make matter once more intensely mere mud. Possibly however, our loss is rather imaginary than real—greater in quantity than in quality. Mere book-facts, like their frames, continue pretty much the same in all ages, and the human faculty, limited in its sphere of action, and operating always upon the same materials, soon arrives at a point beyond which leaves us nothing to do but to ring the changes upon antiquity. Half our epic poems are modifications of Homer, descending from one to that primitive model; our Occidian elegies, our Tirdeles and our Anacreontics are but reminiscences of first parents in features as well as in name. Few things are visible in the history of our progressive race, we raise new crops of the old grain, and pass away to manure the intellectual field for future harvests of the same description. Destruction and reproduction is the system of the moral as well as of the physical world.

THE LITTLE ALEXANDERS.

Human action is capable of performance on the most varying scale, whether it be right or wrong action. Men may be heroically or meanly wicked, bonchers or nabobbers, in degree—humble flower of good deeds in capacity, with few eyes, beside those of the Allseeing, witnessing their sins, or public benefactors, blessing whole communities, or states, or even nations, with their bounty of head and hand and purse.

The deeds of the great make the real, ever and anon, business among the small ones. But, unfortunately for the world's good, the great deeds of a move spt to be imitated than the good—the deeds of a Nero or a Caligula, rather than those of a Titus, a Trajan, of a possessing final rather than a Paul preaching peace and good will, of a Hannibal rather than a Howard, of an Arnold rather than a Washington. The military conquerors have had imitators by thousands, and some of them more than the world-conqueror, Alexander the Great. But, what is most unfortunate about the latter class is that they are to be met in all the paneled walks of life. When he conquered the half of the then known world, he exhibited the weak side of his character by weeping because there was no more bloody work for him to do—no more worlds to conquer. So they, after they have conquered wives, every difficulties in the way of their ascendancy—their triumphant marches to fame or fortune, which they have, perhaps, reached by treachery or by absurdity—isolate him with exhibitions of the most puerile ambition, and find themselves—as he, because they cannot accomplish more! He quarreled with his best friends, those who helped him into fame. So do these little Alexanders. Perhaps they slay them, in their frenzy, as he did, and commit suicide in the end, by not having the latitude to complain—for this the Great Alexander virtually did, when he drank himself to death!

STREET EDUCATION.

Probably there never has been a summer vacation among the schools of New York during which so many children have been kept in the country as the one recently closed. The absence of noisy urchins from the streets was so marked as scarcely to have escaped the notice of the most casual observer. All this he could not have failed to reflect. Of all the schools in which a child may be found, there is none so bad as that in which he gets his street education. This is bad enough anywhere, but especially bad in large cities.

NOTES OF A SUMMER TOUR.

NUMBER VI.

Slow old Boston is waking up at last. Washington street is now by no means a dead town. Old landmarks are fast disappearing, new stores are being erected in their place, the old ones are busier, and the wheel of progression is going round in that building, in a way to make an old resident stare. What a pity Boston is not a live city!

Torturing with a new fever and melting cough during my stay there, I could only ride round to make my investigations, with the exception of one short walk, during which I had the felicity of meeting the greatest scoundrel that Boston can boast—a tight hardly worth rising from a sick bed for, by the by. Thought I, for the sake of the Commons' (how I like that good, homely name,) does I found my eyes upon its fountain and lawn, for green banks and its nicely-kept gravel walks, over which this low so closely waves its fan-like branches, that it would seem as if even them to be the same year fan-gated to tread, up and down, and down, in all weather and hours, but chiefly when nature seemed in just the only and most enchanting comfort of quiet and spirit-like loneliness. Old associations, how thick and fast they throng! Thirty-five, five years ago, I remember, that an eyes has miles could envy, upon these very walks, more than a hundred and twenty of the finest, and the little, merry fun party, and during at the odor of the school. How strangely extraordinary facts that force us into the mysteries of research, and lead to the study of the laws of sympathies and dislikes. There can be no doubt that the secret, in these instances, as in every other, is possessed by our genius against the whole of another, contrasts in some mysterious way with construction, that we may indulge a hope of seeing one day discovered.

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WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY MRS. D. PEIRCE.

A GRAPE LEAF.

Reader, be good enough to step into my room. It is as you see, on the first floor. Observe that eastern window, which looks out on a piazza, in the interval of which, right opposite to the window, is a grape vine, supported by a wire trellice. You see there a very large grape leaf, hanging apart from the rest, so that it looks quite distinct and dark blue ground of the sky beyond. I came down at very early dawn, and when I pushed open the shutters, what a spectacle did that grape leaf present! It was still wet with the copious dew of the past night, and every one of its lobes and its every point was tipped with a bright of dew, all of which glittered in the morning light like diamonds of the first water. I have often gazed in all her glory—but she was not arrayed like that grape leaf. The jeweled diadem which adorned her brow was not so beautiful, not so splendid a decoration as that circlet of burning fire-drops of fresh beautiful things you may see almost every morning. You may see the most gorgeously attired lady-fair that ever eye beheld entering at your of his chamber. You may see a king, whose realm is bedecked in earthly magnificence, dining in the hall.

—Sits on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshines the wealth of Ormus or of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Strews its treasures over all.

But all his splendor, in honor of the occasion dressed, is not to be named—to handle—a thing as a grape leaf wearing jewels which would put a queen's diadem to shame! But you must be in the country, in the early hours of the morning, to see this beautiful and magnificent. It is only to be seen at the moment when relieving nature has stepped her unwearied foot over the advancing Day makes them flash in his earliest beam. Then, and then only, the coronation scene is over. The skies which crowbids were

Like a thin mist low hung upon the beach,
The ocean with thousand liveries dight.

Gone are the jewels of those splendid decorations; the

—Rain of evening dew drops which the thin
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.

have disappeared as well as their splendor. They are all turned into dust, and cast on her sober, every day, (or rather allday,) working suit. If you would see jewels in their perfection, you must see them in the morning.

AN ENERGETIC TOPER.

Once there was a man who was fond of his cups, and who lived in one of the towns on Connecticut River. It was a long time ago, back in the last century, before those who liked to drink were driven to retailers by temperance societies, and when they were probably not so often remembered with the eye. He was left to himself, and drank about as much as he pleased, at least when he could get the rum. He was a stranger that, to a new country, where almost everybody drank something strong, and before cities were put in operation, or even apple-trees were old enough to bear fruit, there was always an abundant supply of rum.

Yet, strange as it may seem, the man suddenly took a temperance fit himself, and from the conclusion, in his own mind, without any influence from without, that he had better stop drinking. He loved his family, and said to himself words like these:—"If I go on as I am, I shall die a drunkard—and what is a drunkard to his wife and children? He is not a good husband, or a good father. I will stop drinking, and be a good husband and father." And he did stop drinking, and kept his word. He was not sure of being so unless I stop drinking. Again, I am not sure I can stop drinking while I live here where everybody drinks. I have already got to like it too much. I must go where it is not, myself. Here I am in the den of the wild beasts—I will leave it! I have not a dollar in my pocket, I have no more oil somewhere beyond the reach of danger, I will go there. I will be rich, and a man of importance."

And then came off in a canoe, going up the river, was now—perhaps by nothing but the breeze, and by the help of his paddle, and was soon moored on its banks more that place. It rowed up to a fine meadow, where the canoeman landed, took out his articles he had brought with him, and began to cut down trees, and build a log-house. It was soon finished, and he kept. There he remained until he could sell he had made a little farm, and made it valuable. He then married, built a good dwelling, and his children a good father. The place where he landed is in the oldest township of Vermont.

MORGENSE.

There is no habit more deleterious than morgense. In the matter of wisdom, we might safely add to all with whom he is in any way brought into connection. It is bad enough to have a juvenile or fretful companion or associate—to hear him constantly repeating everything that comes into his head that is right in the estimation of the festive! But the morgense is worse than a nuisance. The worst may be expected to give vent to his morbid feelings in his words—and, as a matter of course, it will not be mere weasels of pleasantry, and of at least modified beguiles. But not so with the latter. He is prepared for him to be happy, by the coming of his associates being so. Such an one is an unhappy man. His very presence is a morbid poison! Morgenseus seems to be a blighting disease. It is the fretting principle of life, and that is right in the estimation of the festive!

SEPULCHRAL PRIDE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Within another's tomb he slept.
He, whom astonished angels saw
From Heaven's high majesty stooping down
And bow to take a mortal low.

Another's tomb! Oh, cautious Pride,
That on through life mark'st heart doth stir,
Canst thou in humbleness learn here
From yonder rock-hewn sepulchre?

Say, whose name by scutcheon hung,
Thy storyless race from sea to sea,
Fig-pressed of wrinkled sons and dames,
Have but to see thyself outdone?

Or where the Turk his supreme carry
To Paradise, with garlands crowns,
And each Mussulman must needs
Some monument to shame those own.

Some column of rare Inlay hight,
Some sculptures of bronze are,
Some costly-carved form of living grace,
To speak more strongly to the heart.

The pyramid, that toward the cloud
Aspires with undisputed claim,
In dark obscurity augurs not
Lo fall, and lost in founder's name.

Then be content for so much honour,
For so much marble o'er his head,
Since thou hast not thy name to grave
Nor memory to shame those own.

What if the slumbering clay should rise
Without a dome in stronger ground?
Or "much dust having come along
Till the last angel's trump shall sound?

Let some rest above dust,
On brass, or stone, or even sod,
The record of his life alone
Hath power or permanence with God.

Or, ensure that when at the great day,
Ashes to ashes, dust'n with prayer;
Heaven such advocate do crave,
The earth, the water and the air,

To each give back what he sent to God!
So may (at that terrific call)
And by a sound so supreme
His ashes for likeway.

September 9th, 1856.

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND REPENTANCE.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

HOME FETES.

Never did any man proceed with a lighter heart or more benevolent spirit to complete the work of reconciliation so happily commenced, than Peter Maugler did when he set out from Heidelem Park to visit George Hoffman at the Rhine. Although at times fretful and somewhat hasty in his temper, especially when anything went wrong in the City, the old man possessed a kind and forgiving heart, and in his daughter—for he was exceedingly simple out of business—judged every human being by the same standard that he did himself, carrying charity as far as human frailty would admit and all wor ever.

"How happy George will be," he thought, as the carriage rolled along the common which extended between the park and the east of Mr. Thornton. "Of course he must have a share in the firm, and take the name of Hoffman. Brandy and Son!" he repeated several times to himself, with an air of intense satisfaction. "Mary must take care," he added, "that the name does not become extinct."

Peter had been accustomed for so many years to look upon our hero as lost forever to his family, that the possibility of his return never entered into his speculation.

Next he remembered what Mary could possibly have meant when she spoke of consigning herself, and adopting the name of the lowest. On any other subject the phrase-lumber and consignment would have delighted her by its refined way of allusion to business; but when his long-cherished plans were at stake—so, with his love for the fair girl, Peter could not walk at that.

On reaching the Rhine, he was shown into the library, where Madame George Hoffman and his partner. The former had two open letters in his hand, and appeared greatly excited.

"How is my old friend?" inquired Mr. Thornton.

"Better," replied the merchant, as he shook the beloved himself, joyfully, "though still weak and suffering. But now all will be well, for better who has just settled a bad account—brought it to a satisfactory conclusion? His heart is as light as mine is."

Here the speaker looked around as if everybody present must be loaded with some good news.

"Reconciled with his daughter?" exclaimed the gentleman, with a benevolent smile. "I am heartily glad to hear it."

The husband of Rachel still remained silent.

"And you, George?" said Peter, looking anxiously into his face; "are you not glad?"

"For my wife, yes," replied Mr. Hoffman.

"And your child's."

"Mary will not risk enough for happiness," observed her father.

"There is something more than money, or even business, necessary to make us happy in this world," answered the husband, in his own quiet way. "I know it, George, better than yourself. It is a knot at peace with all mankind. Richard feels it, and this day will complete the work of reconciliation. Your father-in-law desires to see you."

"Indeed, George!" Mr. Thornton to his partner, who made no other reply than by glancing significantly at the open letters.

Peter Maugler walked up to him, and placed his hand affectionately upon his arm.

"What is the matter, George?" he asked. "Any bad news from the City? Any misfortune that money——"

"The greatest," interrupted the father of our hero. "Mr. Rosenthal has gone suddenly over to a state upon my good name—an impediment upon that which, even in the midst of poverty and shame, the drunkard's degradation, I preserved pure and unsullied—my honesty. Read these letters, and then judge my feelings."

The speaker, greatly excited, thrust the letters into the hands of his old friend and benefactor.

The carver of George Hoffman, since his reformation, had been one of unbroken prosperity; success had rolled upon his efforts, and he was now not only a prosperous, but a wealthy man. The requirements of his rapidly increasing commerce rendered it advisable for him to open an account with the Bank of England, and he had made an application to that effect only two days before quitting London.

The letters were the reply to it.

The first was an official one, declining his account; the second contained a private communication from one of the directors, a personal friend, explaining the reasons of the refusal.

Letters written by Mr. Bently to his nephew, Cæsar Kenrn, had been produced, in which the former accused him on-law with having abstracted certain valuable securities whilst in his employ.

Poor Peter groaned with mortification and disappointment as he finished reading them.

"The villain!" he exclaimed, with the heartless, ungrateful villain! I have long suspected this," he added, and know that Mr. Bently now bitterly regrets his intemperate rashness."

Intemperate!" repeated Mr. Hoffman, ironically. "I admire the word intemperate. The man who, in a cowardly and vindictive spirit, could blast the reputation of one so honest as himself, is a villain."

"Yes, yes," muttered the clerk. "Cæsar is all that."

"I speak not of the nephew, whose pitiful malice I can despise, but of his uncle."

"Of your father-in-law?" exclaimed the old man, in tone of astonishment so greater still. "I made Mr. Thornton smile.

"Of him."

"George! George! is this just? Is it business-like, when I have waited for years and years to give you my forgiveness? For your wife's sake, for Mary's sake, for all our sakes, recall that wretched word."

"Never!" interrupted the husband of Rachel; "there are injuries no atonement can efface, and this is one of them. I can forgive my father-in-law that he held back when a helping hand might have saved me—preserved a home for his daughter and her children; his wealth was his own, and he alone was answerable for the use he made of it. But when he his malice he assails my good name—brands me with dishonesty—I spurn the hand now remembrance, and reject his offers with scorn and contempt. He shall not call me hypocrite!" he added, bitterly, "as well as thief!"

The speaker repeated the word thief several times, then paused his head silvered his brow he thick of such a thing. The desire is natural, exceedingly natural—but what I should feel in your place I feel, although you are better, wonderfully better, you are not strong enough to undertake a journey yet. You had better wait," he added, "for the arrival of your son-in-law, and——"

"Pshaw!" interrupted the merchant; "you know as well as I do that George Hoffman has no intention of coming to Heidlem—more, that he rejects my offers of reconciliation."

"I daresay you had given up being suspicious," observed Mr. Thornton.

"If my suspicions are unjust you can at once disabuse me of them," observed Mr. Bently, calmly. "You have only to look me in the face and tell me that they are so. I never doubted your word yet, however I may have quarrelled with your judgment."

The old clerk twice attempted to speak; but his courage failed him—he could not utter a lie.

"I am answered in your silence," added the speaker, with a sigh.—"Rachel and her daughter are safe, and nothing else is now left me to desire. Good-by."

"But, Richard, no; nothing of the kind," exclaimed his friend, deeply moved at the sons of enmity in which the words were uttered. "Rachel has proved herself too good a wife and mother to forsake you. There is a child, even now, in the husband envy his resentment so far as to desire it."

"His resentment!" repeated the herald. "Then he does not know the cause?"

On hearing this observation his hearer turned as pale that Peter became alarmed, and would have sung for assistance had not a movement on the part of Mr. Bently prevented him.

"Tell me all," he said; "I can endure it. Do you know the opinion of anyone?"

"I should think I do, Richard," replied the old clerk, "for I watched every change in the money market for the last fifty years! There I see what you mean, and I will tell it you. The world has long known that Mr. Rosenthal has been speculating with your securities, and that you are answerable for the deficiency. Had you been capable of abstracting the securities, have brought them to their sale. The heartless scoundrel has made them public; the consequence is that the Bank of England has refused to open an account with your son-in-law, who, in the eyes of the world, is a dishonoured man."

To the astonishment of Peter Maugler, the indefatigues which he expected would overwhelm him, neither George nor Richard replied.

"Does my daughter know this?" demanded the merchant.

"Not yet," answered his informant; "but she must know it. Your nephew has spread the slander—for it is a slander—in every direction. It would fail heartless enough," he added, with a sigh, "but for the authority of your name."

"The heartless villain!" murmured his uncle. "I have always said that he was a villain," observed Peter; "but you would not believe me; and now you see the consequence—he injures over the man he so unjustly persecuted and ruined."

"Never!" exclaimed Mr. Bently, with an energy which startled his friend's chair. "I can crush my rephile—crush him in the face of day—draw his villainy from its hiding, and compel him to avow himself the author of the injury which he now imputes to George. Why—why," he added, "was this concealed from me? You and Rachel—the gentleman both meant it kindly, but it might have led to fatal consequences?"

The following morning, despite the remonstrances of Peter and the entreaties of his partner, the speaker quitted Meldheim, to proceed by easy stages to London, taking the still—desirous our readers have not forgotten the circumstance—Rachel and Paul, the great Westend manufacturers, conducted the whole affair; how exactly the family shield, with its sixteen quarterings, was blazoned. But, unfortunately, when once we have shaken off this mortal coil, we are no longer capable of deriving consolation from those things; were it otherwise, the late Sir Norman Rockwell must have felt delighted at the unexceptionable manner in which his dignified corpse had been treated.

Velvet, painting, and gilding had done their best, or rather worst, to render death ridiculous. No trade of surrowing friends hastened the remains to their last resting-place—no grateful poor blessed them as they passed. To few of those there were the two executors, the Earl of Carlington and Spicer Blundell, Viscount Hinton, who considered the necessity of his attending a great force, the physician, and the lawyer, but not a single tenant either in the churchyard or in the church. The inhabitants of St. Faith's stood aloof from the procession, and looked through the village, and even the poor, in many instances, refused the funeral doles which Andrew Silva according to custom distributed.

"Norman must have been a great blockhead!" observed the Earl of Carlington to his son, as they returned from the funeral, "to have made himself so terribly unpopular in the county."

"He was decidedly an ass," lisped the viscount; "and he lived much longer he would have bored me to death."

"A magnificent property," said his lordship, willing to change the subject.

"Yes, and wonderfully encumbered."

The poor repeated the word with regret, and added, that by his certain knowledge, there was not a single mortgage on the estate.

"I am aware of that," replied his son. "Alice is not exactly a mortgage."

Hinton! Hinton!" admonished his father, angrily, "you really are a most intolerable puppy."

"I suppose so."

With which submission the conversation dropped.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

THE HIGH CHAIR.

Into how reckless a state would mankind degenerate but for the presence of that inward monitor which, like a mirror, reflects our actions in their true light, and holds up a faithful image of ourselves, which some doggedly refuse to contemplate, while others cannot endure a long glance, and in the vortex of the world, its pursuits of avarice and ambition, or yet more ignoble passions, strive to forget the hideous portrait—oblivion from the stern truth of its resemblance)—which has for a moment startled them.

Conscience is the only painter that never flatters; and hence, like genius, it is rarely popular. There is an softening of shadows, no toning down of wrinkles in the likeness drawn by its true pencil; on the contrary, they stand boldly out, appealing to the soul with relentless eloquence, a voice in every touch of the great master's hand.

Were it possible to transfer those moral pictures to canvas, how inestimable would they become. Placed side by side with Titian, the gorgeous colour of the garlands of flowers, the wreaths of ripple; contrasted with the Dutch and Flemish schools the wonderful delicacy of execution of the Mieris, Breughel, Teniers, and Ostade, appear meagre and tame. The simplicity of the grief of Michael Angelo, the "Last Judgment" of the Sistine would lose its sublimity. Neither Cimabue nor Giotto could stand the test.

When Mr. Bently pronounced the word "scoundrel," the effect was electrical. Never, perhaps, was for an instant drawn aside, and the ruffian beheld in his likeness the picture of his deformity. Fear pointed her mocking finger at him, and he shook. The words appalled him, and his countenance waking he muttered it to himself.

Never was man a more contemptible, an interrogative one, which he would have given much to have obtained an answer to—Rachel?

Something whispered to him that his safety depended upon that.

Long before reaching London he had made up his mind what steps to take; to deceive was with him no task, approaching almost perfection in its expense, to a life of deceit, tortured by unruly fears, startled by shadows that might at any moment prove realities.

There was one peculiar fascination in crime, there is no getting rid of its memory; like a recurring disease it will return, however subtle or slow in consequences. Murderers have been known to haunt the spot on which they have committed their victims, the thief is linger round the scene of his depredations. The man which fortune has given us be invisible our, but its links are not less of iron.

It was some such feeling which induced Carne, although he had left the City with no intent, to pass was in vain on wander in the direction of Christchurch, instead of proceeding to the Bank. Here in Clerkenwell dwelt the old dealer in drugs, of whom he was suspected of having purchased the poison by the aid of which he had sent to death the wife of his employer's son. Neither Mr. Norman's relations nor friends had ever questioned Mr. Styles, had succeeded in obtaining any direct evidence.

The last-mentioned personage had remained faithful to Andrew Silva even after the death of Jeremy Carne. In vain the fear of his fidelity was a very simple one; he was the only friend and it possessed, therefore for once to act honestly. Gradually he had succeeded in obtaining the confidence of the old man, and by feeling himself growing every day more feeble, engaged Tom to reside with him by way of companion, for which he expected to be rich, and lived in continual dread of being robbed and perhaps murdered. Tom paid the bait and stored for became his punishment.

With all his cunning, artful spy had never succeeded in wresting from the drug-vender the secret he was so anxious to obtain. Many a time had he watched the manner of having cold Carne the poison, or was too suspicious to acknowledge it. This recorded of his master, and it pressed him

man, as he called it, to shuffle off this mortal coil, restrained him, and he resisted himself.

A low murmuring sound arose from the old man's lips whose eyes were fixed upon the watch-hands on the broken table near him, but typical his feeble reach.

"I dare say—wouldn't yer like it?" said the ruffian, with a chuckle; "but I ain't a goin' to give it you."

The gesture of the Hindoo became terrible—a moment's strength, and the speaker might have used a fearful poetry for his brutality.

"I tell yer I am tired of watching yer," continued Mr. Snips, after a pause, "it ain't by no means pleasant; but I'll make a bargain with you. If you like—answer me, old gentleman, I have as often asked you, and you shall have the watch."

The sufferer shook his head in sign of refusal.

"Where are the keys of that box then?"

His last attempted once more to speak, but anger choked him.

"You won't tell me, won't you?" said his self-constituted heir. "I've a great mind to make you."

The speaker had once more started to his feet, and was approaching the bed, when a low, crushing sound caught his ear, and arrested his purpose. His listened for an instant; the noise was repeated: it came, evidently, from the adjoining passage.

Clutching up the light, he opened the door of the room, and found himself face to face with his fellow-lodger, who, had gained an unperceived from the back of the old, dilapidated house, in order to obtain an interview with its owner, with what further intentions our readers can well imagine.

For an instant the two villains stood confounded at such as the presence of the other; but the confusion of Carus was the greatest, for he had long looked upon his agent as conducted with no doubt, and he stood speechless with surprise and terror.

Styles was the first to speak.

"Mr. Keane?" he exclaimed.

The sound of his own name broke the spell, and convinced the cowards that it was no vision of his excited imagination, but the man whom he believed to be safe murdered, who stood before them.

"Alive!" he gasped, in the tone of one who had not recovered his breath after receiving some fatal shock.

"No thanks to you," muttered his former confederate, bitterly. "I wonder you ain't ashamed to look me in the face after your attempts to——"

"Accident—pure accident," interrupted the latter, "which I have bitterly regretted."

An inarticulate "humph?" accompanied by an expressive shrug of the shoulders, formed all the speaker the exact amount of credit his old acquaintance gave to the assertion.

"Stand back!" said the latter, as Carus advanced towards him; "I ain't a-going to run the risk of any more cut throats. There are plenty of weight here within call."

"What do you do here?"

"I live here."

Carus slowly repeated the words, as if weighing what they might portend.

"For what purpose?" he added.

"To take care of the old man," replied Styles. "Your uncle employs me."

This information gave the orphane the key to the mystery he had so long sought.

"Mr. Beatty is dead," he said.

His hearer made no reply, doubtful whether to credit the assertion or not.

"And you are his heir, I suppose?" said the felon, in order still further to test him.

"No," answered Carus, bitterly; "he has left a most extraordinary will, bequeathing the bulk of his wealth to his grandson, should he ever prove his existence—to whom, in which, I doubt. I have merely my share in the fire, he could not dispose of, and——"

All this sounded so probable and truth-like that Styles, though he was cunning, was deceived, and began to ask himself what he might not be able to get together by keeping, and reconcile himself to his former employer.

"Look you," he answered, "if I thought you would pay me for my trouble——"

"*It is my interest to do so.*"

"Well, there is something in that," exclaimed his quondam associate. "I suppose you can guess what I was about here for, Mr. Carus? But I won't touch upon that subject, now the old business is either dead or dying, for when I quit the room he hadn't many minutes to live. All his papers are concealed in an iron chest."

"Of which you, doubtless, have the key," observed Carus.

"Of course."

"I must speak with him."

"You will get nothing from him," said Styles, leading the way to the chamber; "he's past answering you, if he still lives."

On entering the room they saw that the dying man was at the point of death. Without the slightest pity or respect for the last struggles of humanity, the two ruffians shook him violently, and demanded where he had concealed his keys.

A deep groan was the only answer they obtained, and Carus, more ruthless even than his companion, proposed that they should search him.

With eager hands they dragged the failed, rusty garments from the still breathing body, and eagerly examined the pockets, not without scanning the object of their search was not there; and it is impossible to say to what extent the outrage might have been carried, but for Styles, who caught sight of a silken cord round the neck of the drug-vendor. With a cry of joy at the discovery, he snatched at it with such force that it broke, leaving the keys in his hand.

"Mine at last," he muttered.

A sudden struggle broke from the lips of the dying man. It was interrupted by a rattling in the throat, and all was over.

"Dead!" said Carus, in a tone of satisfaction.

"At last," added his companion, with a broad grin. "He hasn't had a pleasant time, but some people are so obstinate. It's extraordinary how the old fool clung to life."

With this observation Mr. Styles dismissed all recollection of his late victim from his mind, and proceeded at once to see the keys. It was some time, however, before he found the proper manner of applying them, for the locks were of a construction peculiar to the East. After several attempts he succeeded at last in raising the lid, and a number of detaining coins was heard, similar to the explosion of a percussion cap.

As no immediate consequence followed, he stooped over the chest and began eagerly to examine the contents, unconscious, while doing so, that a thin, grayish vapor was gradually issuing from it, enveloping his head. He had not breathed it long before its deadly effects became apparent. Asphyxia, rapid as the lightning's flash, struck both heart and lungs; and, with a deep groan, he sank a ruin beside the long-concealed treasure of his host.

Carus stood horror-struck. Not that he regretted the loss of his confederate; on the contrary, his death released him from an inconvenient witness of his crime; but the suddenness of it overwhelmed him with terror. Several times he attempted to approach the spot; but the thin, subtle vapor still continued to issue from the iron receptacle, and would not allow him, gradually, to fill the room—the empty seemed inexhaustible.

"There may be papers," muttered the guilty man, working himself up with desperate courage to make a last attempt. As he approached, the painful throbbing of his temples and the increased exhalation of the blood became oppressive; it was death to venture near; the grim fiend, who had guarded the old prisoner's treasure chest.

In the terror of departing the deadly mist, Carus opened the door of the chamber to admit a current of fresh air, but the sudden draught served to increase the volume of the vapor, which, strange to say, was accompanied by a faint light.

Unable any longer to resist its influence, he staggered into the corridor—even there it pursued him, feeling how to retreat step by step to the top of the staircase through which he had climbed as entrance to the house; and he fled, cursing the cowardice of the Hindoo, who had contrived to baffle all attempts to murder him at his idol gold, living or dead.

The next day, the following announcement appeared in most of the principal papers :—

"Died of apoplexy, suddenly, from an old Indian, who, in his grotesque dress, was, until very lately, in the habit of vending his drugs in the neighborhood of the Minories. The police are at an early hour this morning were informed by the inmates of the house, that the sudden cries of the unfortunate occasioned the momentary affright of the neighborhood. On the officers entering the room, the object of their search was found lifeless, the fluid in his bed, and that of the man, an Englishman it is believed, who had murdered him, and fled previously to their arrival. The police are in search of the murderer, who, by a curious coincidence, is the nephew of the deceased. The chest, as was seen, containing his wealth, had in those who broke open the door, been left unclosed, and the whole of the valuable property it contained was found to be safe. It is said no trace of the murderer could be discovered."

When Carus had read these lines he bitterly cursed his own want of perse-verance. Had he waited a few hours longer, the treasure might have been his. He had, however, one consolation, that the only witness who could have proved his attempt upon the life of Mr. Keane was now silenced for ever. Mrs. Beatty, were removed from his path, forever.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN ONE NEXT.]

THE MARTYR WIFE.

BY MARY G. VANDAM.

Oh, woman, oft misconstrued! the pure pearls
Lie all too deep, for human search, in thee,
For the unpassing and impatient hand
To win them forth.
Mrs. Hemans.

It was a wild, autumn night. The floods were in motion, and the tempest was howling, as it swept, in its great pools through the roof that afforded scanty shelter, and the wide moor, dotted with heather, as they pierced the chinks and crannies of the walls.

Ruth Holley sat alone in the dismal, desolate place that she called home, and sat listened to the storm of wind and rain, with a strange, indefinable half-exultancy, to catch the sound of footsteps above them all.

Time had been when the footfall, the which she now listened for, would have been welcome to her ear. Then in a luxurious home, she sat, clad in costly garments, in the midst of gold, and was waited upon dressed in smiles, and rosy with health and happiness, and listened to catch the familiar footfall, and the sound of the strong step, and the manly, kindly sounds of the strong storm.

Oh, what a change, indeed, had two tearstorms wrought in one so young, and fair, and happy!

Ruth Holley was young, now, was a poor, friendless outcast on the outskirts of a great city, the which she had never seen but from a distance, and the sounds from below indicated the character of her neighbors. Wicked speaking, and wicked living, low, jesting, the cackling of fowls, and the squalling of brats, were all distinguishable, even through the services of the house floor. *In pleasant places* had she lived many years, the sounds of the life of such wretched settlements, filled the imagination with horror, by night, only the voice of the storm was heard.

There were still some remnants of former luxurious living in that wretched room, in the worn carpet and plates of splendid china, stood upon a narrow pine table that occupied the centre of the room, two or three remnants of costly carpets were spread upon the floor, and a miniature portrait, without a case, or frame, hung upon the wall, the only relic from the Ruth's days of splendor and such shreds of happiness as by night, without such drop screen-tacen upon it, looking down upon the scene, with solitude only in those blue, soft eyes. It was her fond mother's face.

Everything else that the room contained was poor and mean, from the broken chairs, to the unpolished deal table, which, nevertheless, had served for a bedstead.

In the midst of this wreck of hope and fortune Ruth Holley sat. She was still young, for she could not have more than attained her twenty-first summer and left intact like those of age upon face and form.

She had known what joy was. She had been reared in the tenderest love, every wind of adversity, and ill-prepared, either by her natural temperament, nor meet such a fate as hers had become. She had married when scarcely more than a child. Friends had approved, all the sanctions of parental love had been given to the marriage, and she had thrown around the marriage, religious rites had made it sacred, and her priest in solemn tones had sanctified the charge, "Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

Often in afternoon Ruth questioned of her own soul whether God had joined it to the soul of James Holley, and it shrank, and finally stood with her darkest vice.

To-night looking back over the years of her married life, she sought again an answer to her oft propounded query. She had borne bonds, and shame, and degradation. Her hopes had all been trampled on, her little ones had died yearning for its want and without the alleviation of suffering that wealth can purchase, she had known depths of sorrow that were not to be described. But still a something in her heart told her that having linked her life with that of James Holley she had not had such or anguish to be broken at will, but that, having given all irrevocably, and for ever, of her choice, she could not take back the gift. In truth, in the moment of his fall and utter ruin, she gave that ruin of splendid magnificence, which James Holley had become.

Even now she remembered how once, in the early days of her love, he had been stricken down by fearful illness, and, for weeks, lay struggling feebly with the destroying power of disease. Then she had wildly prayed for his recovery, and had felt that to lay down her life for his, so beloved, would be but a slight sacrifice.

As the thought of that fat-back time of sorrow, the tide of ancient feelings surged back upon her soul. She saw how much more she ought to do and dare to save his soul from the sickness of sin, from the hideous ruin that fastened, a mortal disease, upon all the sources of his higher being. Suddenly, all the old affection seemed to flow back, and she felt that only too gladly would she lay down her life, if through its weight he could be saved, and given time for repentance.

Therefore she had locked her little strength, carefully, that she might toil for him, and keep a home, though poor, to which he might sometimes return. That home she ought to have thrown off all allegiance to one who had so debased his nature, and to see it decaying, the daily, and hourly, and abstruse questions of political and social right, of both of which she had been taught to make the duties of her head fall, was her sole thought for days, and nights, though both were by reason of being she had worked to earn the pittance that supplied her with such comfortable shelter, and saved only to keep shelter and bread for her husband and herself.

Now a wild excitement stirred her. To serve him she would no longer hesitate to peril health or life. She would go "unbidden" to her room should a remnant, felled and time-stained, of the former splendor of her days, and watch and listen the storm.

Hour by hour and surged against her slight figure as she hurried along the street. The rain poured and beat upon her person, and they clung, clinging to her form and impeded her progress. The night was dark, and the darkness. At intervals the dull glare of the lamps gleamed luridly through the falling rain, and swayed and flickered in the wind, and seemed to mock the wretched figure that struggled on.

Regardful of all these horrors, the woman sped on, thrusted long and narrow streets, turned many corners, and at last entered a district of which the vice, and misery haunts mocked the gloom of the storm-night. Here and there a common gin-shop, or foul, paved chambers whose spirits pollute breathed, but whose doors are as hostile as the foul poor, might never dare to pass, in the poor garments of her station; past the glittering haunts of vice; past the dens of infamy, and misery, and beast-birth, and the sound of fierce voices, lifted in curse and blasphemy, and women's shrieks, open to offend ignore or caress to the late revellers; past the sounds of drunken wantonness, and poorer shops; past dwellings, gradually falling from the respectability of a once noble, plain mansion to the haunts of the poor and vicious, huddled in the once indifferent abode of the respectable tradesman; past all these, until she came to the low drinking cellar where she knew her husband might be found, among his boon companions. At intervals the glare of the huge gleamed luridly through the falling rain, and swayed and flickered in the wind, and seemed to mock the figure flashed upon it in sickly sky

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

BY L. E——.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh, Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer—
But not for thee, the lightness of the heart!

The banquet hath its flower,
Its festival hour of youth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for Grief's sweet withering flower,
A time for softer tears—but not for thine!

Youth and the opening rose
May look like types of thee, and mark thy power,
And smile at them—but those are not of those
That wait the spirit's blossom in another hour!

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh, Death!

Day is when mortals shall wake,
When nations rise from far and wide unto the tent,
When solemn's her shall sleep the golden grain—
But who shall bless thee when to bed for thee?

It is when spring's first grass
Comes fresh in mildew'd verdure o'er the victim-bed;
It is when roses in our paths grow pale!
They have their seasons—but thou hast all!

There are whose labours burn,
Whose mid-noon thoughts are heavy upon the brow,
Those are around us as the years around the sun.
They shall not walk in twilight—but thou art there!

There are whose liberal meals flowed,
Whose halls are filled with revelry—thou art not!
There are whose feet must fail, whose strength must wane,
Whose wine of life is poured forth like the gushing rain.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh, Death!

AMY HARTLY;

OR,

A ROMANCE OF LIFE.

In the heart of London is a dark, obscure street, which leads from the narrow avenues and filthy purlieus of Fleet-street to High, old, Fetticoat-lane. Monks give it a peculiar aspect, whilst cauterized rows of shabby-genteel houses, in front of private, darken the broken windows, whose lodgers are still, too, with genteel, old-fashioned furniture, which droops on from season to season, in tasteless, dirty air; like human plants within, withering yet existing.

It was on a fine summer's evening that a stout, middle-aged man, dressed in an old suit of black, worn at the elbows, and glazed with grease and dirt, was proceeding at a shuffling speed in question. He held by the hand a little girl, about ten years old, whose bright hair, neatly combed and curled, and becoming simplicity contrasted pleasantly with the hard, dark features of the man at whose age was, engaged in play, merely fitted the narrow street. The man carried a long, dark parcel, and accorded a flight of stairs, and then, opening the door, the child, whom he led to hold fast a small bundle he carried, followed him into a large room, which stood bull open, at the top of the landing. A woman sitting near the their entrance; she was gaunt and carewore, and though still young was bent nearly double from her unremitting toil, which was wearing horse-hair chairs; on a small iron pin stuck in a cushion.

The man sat down, and wiped his face with his handkerchief.

"Well, John," said the woman, "is it true that they are both dead?"

"Aye—they were gone three days before I went. The fever had carried away half Everham. William died first, and Amy died an hour after."

"An' ye had to take the young on?" said the woman.

"Why, yes. I thought she'd be more use then to go in the country, and as the folks offered to take Amy, for though they were only new-comers in the village I found that every one liked them."

At the mention of her name the child raised her large, dark eyes, which looked heavy but dry, stared with weeping, and drew close to the man.

The woman, who was weak in speech, stopped, and stared at her a moment.

"Did they leave anything after them?" she said.

"Well, William was not at work when he got the fever, but the minister gave me the pound for the child."

The woman clutched it eagerly, and secured it in her bosom.

"Supper is over," said she; "but there's some cheese left, an' I'll get ye a mug of beer an' some bread now."

The bread was brought, and Amy Hartly sat down with her arm round the child she loved better than the woman, for though she had never seen him before, and he had been to her as the cruel, it was her father's brother, and was like him. So the child clung to him with the mysterious instinct of kindred.

When he was done he got up, and said he thought it was time to go to bed, and the woman said after that he was a stone-chiller in the theater, and worked at the artificial flies for angling during the day.

The child, who seemed too tired and sorrowful to eat, grazed around her. All was noise, bustle, and confusion. A party of under-sexual carpenters lay on its room. She had been used to flower-and gardens, and a poor but quiet house, and all seemed very strange to her. She could scarce a bed was touching white mice to dance; besides this a poor origin was made of a common sort. The room were sealed on a small table making sailors' clothes. Beyond, and with a head upon one of a little blind girl with a parcel of baskets and wicker flowers under her arm. The last was Amy's cousin Rosie; the small pay had carried off her uncle's two elder children, and left Amy alone; this one was spared, but with the loss of sight.

"I hope, child, ye haven't brought the fever in your clothes," said her aunt, as she pointed out her sleeping-place—a pallet stretched on the floor of a little old-fire passage, at the back of the room.

Amy said that all her clothes had been burned, and a kind lady gave her new ones, but what she had on, and what was in the bundle.

"I thought they were over fine for poor folks' children," muttered the woman.

Amy's bed-fellow was Rosie. She was two years older than herself, but the child thought she was not as good as some blind people. She had known old Ralph, the carrier, who used often to give her a ride upon his donkey, Dobbin, and little Tim, that sang in the choir, and used to string necklaces of dandelion for her. Both was sullen, and kicked her when she came near her in the bed. But little Amy was gentleness itself, and now the shadow of a great sorrow was too heavy on her heart too bread even nakedness. She knelt meekly down and said her evening prayer, as she was wont, then crept to the edge of the pallet, and worn out with fatigue, fell asleep.

The child was awakened at dawn by a confused noise and din of voices. Much was gone. She looked out and saw that the inmates of the apartment were already at work. She dressed herself quickly; but there was no easier or any other appliance of the toilet to be seen, and Amy had been reared by parents who, though poor, were respectable in their habits and feelings.

She asked Ruth where she could get some water, and she was told to go to the pump in the yard. After a meaty breakfast she assisted her aunt about the work she could, and was answered gruffly to go and learn to make baskets or anger from Ralph, who would give her little bit of a hassock, and taught her. But the blind girl of unaffectionately at each awkward attempt she made to shape the stiff osier, and Amy, for even supple fingers grew awfully into graceful forms.

"I fear I can never make one," said the poor child, with a deep sigh, after the twentieth attempt, "and I wish I had died, too, with dear father and mother," and she burst into a flood of tears.

Mrs. Hartly looked up from some chain that had become tangled, and called out, in a fretful tone of voice—

"Come, have done with that ees wriveling. I'll have none of it. What ails the girl? Can't she make a basket?"

"She's crying 'cause she sin't dead, like her father and mother."

The woman, though hardened by poverty and grief, was not entirely callous, as she would have let her husband go a long journey, when they heard the noise of a fall, and a mother's and father-in-law's death, to take upon them another helpless burden. She remained silent a moment, then called Amy to her in a softer tone.

She came up to her, wiping the tears from her eyes, and stood trembling before her.

"Don't cry, Amy," said she, suspending her employment for a moment, "you must go to your father and mother one day. They say God has given your bible a better choice of the worst evil; if so they will never be cold, or hungry, or want work any more. I had a mother once; but the fight of cold and hunger when I was a young child like you. I did not cry after her; but I worked on, ever since, until I am old and blind, as you see me."

The young girl looked up at that hollow-eyed, ghastly woman, and saw that she spoke truth. So she went back meekly to her work by the door again, but with a heavier weight upon her young heart than ever she had felt since she knew God ceased. But even then God smiled upon the orphan, and sent comfort to her. Ruth, who had been listening to her mother's words, looked at her, and said, and bent into a gold mound of sunn old song or psalm tune, they can-not tell which, that had been taught her by her mother, and which she had heard a cage; and though she had ridiculed all her mother's attempts to teach it the air grew of love and kindness, that she now straightened and bent her head to listen to the new artistic teacher, got up, and, guiding herself to her mother's chair, stood close by her side.

It ain't bad," said the woman; "but I hope ye did not lose much time with your mother."

But instead of minding them, Amy now sold the tender air more distinctly, and burst into a gushing music. The fresh, innocent face of the child, and the soft, humble expression of her features stood, she narrated the parents by, and secured her customers.

One day she came in after having sold four cages and several baskets—an unwonted occurrence.

The father boy nearer from you than me," said Ruth, curiously.

Amy inherited from her own gentle mother a quick sense of delicacy, and understood the question.

"No, dear, it is because your work is so beautiful. One gentleman, when I told him that it was a blind girl that made it, gave me half a crown for you, and I have bought you a new frock and a pair of stockings out of it."

Ruth looked sullen, then laughed—the old, malicious laugh, as she said—

"I don't care for dresses. What good are they to us, when I can't see them, Amy?"

"Is Rosie blind, too, dear lovely it is?"

Amy stooped down to where Ruth was sitting, and put the plaid dress in her hands. The girl dropped her twigs, and smelt the delicious fabric. She ran her fast the leaves and they blossom, and said, then she passed her hand over the fine, soft texture over her face. Even that trifling kindness awoke the child's heart, and she pressed her dear fingers in the hardest heart; and the blind one, unused to ought kind and compassionate from her, gradually changed into a new being.

The girl of thoughtfulness, and sympathy tended; and sometimes in the evenings Amy and Ruth, with their arms twined around each other's necks, would bend over to listen to the minister's tale, and another and another flower was added, and they blossomed well, though the parent stem was still darkened by the black, everlanging reek, as scarcely to admit even the sunshine of heaven in its bright, blue sky above.

One day there was a gentle tap at the door; Amy rose up to open it, for the invitation to enter seemed not to have been heard. A pale, delicate looking young lady, very plainly dressed, but with exalted fine roses, stood on the threshold.

"Does Amy Hartly live here?" she said, in a soft, musical voice.

"Yes, ma'am," said she, with a courtesy, "I learned into sight that I was with Amy Hartly."

"Can you, then, read?" said the lady, and John's too tired when he comes home."

The young lady's eyes closed fluttered; but at that moment the tallest came forward, and took her by the arm. She opened a little basket and gave them a couple, with the words, "For your mother, dear Amy, who had been grazing wistfully at her, now glided up and said, in a low voice—

"I can read, ma'am."

"Can you, dear?" said the lady. "Then you can read for your mother."

"She's not my daughter."

"Is she not my daughter? I have only that poor blind thing that's a making the baskets!"

The young lady murmured, in a low, sweet voice, some compassionate expression. It was Mrs. Hartly, and she poured out her tale of woe.

The stranger looked earnestly into Amy's face, and said—

"So this is not your own child, you say?"

"No, ma'am. She is my husband's brother's. Her mother was a decent lady, and died of the consumption. John says. She was companion to the minister's lady at Fairfield; but she took a fancy to William, and they got married, which so spited my lady—for she always wanted to keep her with her—that she turned every one against them. They both died of the typhus fever, which was going on in the village of——, ma'am."

"Poor child!" said the young lady, pawing for hand unceasingly over Amy's silken curls. "I will take this little girl to-me for me, and will pay her so much a week, so that she can assist you better, if you would like it."

The woman moved some moments at this proposition. Amy's hope, as she called it, was not dead, and she was very useful. Ruth worked better because she, the purple bough ripened fruit best, too. But, though a hard, worldly woman, she was not so bad, but she could feel what a world of good might accrue to the poor orphan by the change. The thought occurred, too, that it might be better for themselves. So she said that she would ask her husband.

John consented; and it was better for them all. Mrs. Hartlyngton, the young lady, lived with her brother, a wealthy clerk in the East India Company's service; and by his interest John got a place as light porter, with a salary of a pound a week. Ruth had a note for music, and Miss Warrington took her into the family. She placed the physician of which declared that the recovery of Amy's sight was impossible, was in very great danger, and sufficiently recovered from the effects of early fever, protracted toil, to permit an operation to be performed. Any one but her, master after, looking at her red rags, and better, gentler, and kinder, speak-ing with sympathy of the "poor blind child," declared Amy," as she called her when she liked her.

Mr. Warrington and his sister lived in a fine house, one of the handsomest part of London, and in it a large back square, so quiet and still, that the very sparrows seemed afraid to sing in it.

Miss Warrington was an invalid. She did not require physicians or labor medicine, but Amy Hartly, who learned to love her with all the warmth of her heart. Her affectionate nature, soon became sensible that she was necessary to her happiness. She showed so gently and laughingly through those sufferings which were to them Mr. Warrington asked her how she felt when he came in, and his voice was always soft and low when he spoke to her. The servants, too, moved quieter when near her, and the very dog crept to her to lay its head.

Sitting in that lovely room with those precious flowers around her, with cool, green grass and large trees that even in summer looked refreshing, Amy's heart soon expanded with delight and happiness. Regularly instructed in reading and science, her fine taste appropriated naturally all that was beautiful in poetry and literature. She loved it, so much so that, at times, like a bird, she sang for very joy, and burst into a gush music of sons old song or psalm tune, they can-not tell which, that had been taught her by her mother, and which she had heard a cage; and though she had ridiculed all her mother's attempts to teach it the air grew of love and kindness, that she now straightened and bent her head to listen to the new artistic teacher, got up, and, guiding herself to her mother's chair, stood close by her side.

It ain't bad," said the woman; "but I hope ye did not lose much time with your mother."

But instead of minding them, Amy now sold the tender air more distinctly, and burst into a gushing music. The fresh, innocent face of the child, and the soft, humble expression of her features stood, she narrated the parents by, and secured her customers.

One day she came in after having sold four cages and several baskets—an unwonted occurrence.

The father boy nearer from you than me," said Ruth, curiously.

Amy inherited from her own gentle mother a quick sense of delicacy, and understood the question.

"No, dear, it is because your work is so beautiful. One gentleman, when I told him that it was a blind girl that made it, gave me half a crown for you, and I have bought you a new frock and a pair of stockings out of it."

Ruth looked sullen, then laughed—the old, malicious laugh, as she said—

"I don't care for dresses. What good are they to us, when I can't see them, Amy?"

"Is Rosie blind, too, dear lovely it is?"

Amy stooped down to where Ruth was sitting, and put the plaid dress in her hands. The girl dropped her twigs, and smelt the delicious fabric. She ran her fast the leaves and they blossom, and said, then she passed her hand over the fine, soft texture over her face. Even that trifling kindness awoke the child's heart, and she pressed her dear fingers in the hardest heart; and the blind one, unused to ought kind and compassionate from her, gradually changed into a new being.

The girl of thoughtfulness, and sympathy tended; and sometimes in the evenings Amy and Ruth, with their arms twined around each other's necks, would bend over to listen to the minister's tale, and another and another flower was added, and they blossomed well, though the parent stem was still darkened by the black, everlanging reek, as scarcely to admit even the sunshine of heaven in its bright, blue sky above.

One day there was a gentle tap at the door; Amy rose up to open it, for the invitation to enter seemed not to have been heard. A pale, delicate looking young lady, very plainly dressed, but with exalted fine roses, stood on the threshold.

"Does Amy Hartly live here?" she said, in a soft, musical voice.

"Yes, ma'am," said she, with a courtesy, "I learned into sight that I was with Amy Hartly."

"Can you, then, read?" said the lady, and John's too tired when he comes home."

The young lady's eyes closed fluttered; but at that moment the tallest came forward, and took her by the arm. She opened a little basket and gave them a couple, with the words, "For your mother, dear Amy, who had been grazing wistfully at her, now glided up and said, in a low voice—

"I can read, ma'am."

"Can you, dear?" said the lady. "Then you can read for your mother."

"She's not my daughter."

"Is she not my daughter? I have only that poor blind thing that's a making the baskets!"

The young lady murmured, in a low, sweet voice, some compassionate expression. It was Mrs. Hartly, and she poured out her tale of woe.

The stranger looked earnestly into Amy's face, and said—

"So this is not your own child, you say?"

"No, ma'am. She is my husband's brother's. Her mother was a decent lady, and died of the consumption. John says. She was companion to the minister's lady at Fairfield; but she took a fancy

OF HOPE.

Reader, did ever you hear a person say—"I don't hope for *anything* now. Time was when I was full of expectations of future good, and now I have learned better than to hope at all!"?

Probably you have heard such assertions; possibly you have made them; but they are never true—no, never.

The heart is as a beehive, or a nest of innumerable birds, that, all busy flying out and up. There is no power in the universe that can control their every-day flight, or stop them from going out in all directions, in spite of every effort to restrain them. You may have been so many times disappointed—your confidence in earthly enjoyment may be so shattered that you resolve, in a sort of disconsolate self-defence, that you will never again hope for anything in this world. You sit down moodily, and can even in silence the lesson you wish to learn; but while you are telling yourself how utterly in vain it is to look for any good that can be developed hope stops to the edge of your heart, and opens its wings to fly. Then your heart bravely, perhaps angrily, upon its head, and puts forth its wings, and flies away from those other opening out shoots another of your birds. You catch that one and cast it back, but while the windows of them are out, careering in all directions. Hope for anything—for all things—for heaven. From the smallest, conceivable crack or long-hole they will be coming out, and you may spend your life in catching them. You may clip their wings, you may cut them entirely off, but some sunny make them the stupid, dead things ever again; or if they are killed outright, they will grow out new pieces, and be just as restless and willful as the old ones were. Therefore, once for all, I say, be encouraged—there's no use trying to destroy it; and that person who says he has no hope deceives himself. Then seen the hollowness and falsehood of it. "Hope is the poor's wealth." Hard is the hope. Heaven hath trustion; hell hath but despair.

C. H.

MORNING WALKS WITH CHILDREN.

They are more delightful at the time, more favorable opportunities for giving instruction, more agreeable to the feelings of recollection and more useful in their results, than all the luxuries, amusements and entertainments of the most splendid feast of the most abundant stores of wealth. The scenes of nature are full of delight to the child. The flowers, their growth and fanciful of the soul and body are enclosed by rest, the sun, the moon, the stars, all the changes they have been laid by or forgotten, by the interruption of the day. Night is the midst it seems, the flowers are tranquillized, the affections warm. How true pursuit of the parent or elder friend should be by and out of doors, and how much the child will be smiles with the beauties of the morning—the fresh air, the sun, the dew, the birds, the flowers, the fragrance of the morning, which are displayed in their highest perfection at that time of the day, and which are not enjoyed there.

How little do you think what you lose, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, guardians, whoever who spend your mornings in bed, and deny the little ones around you the delightful privilege of their sweet and cheerful enjoyments, which the Almighty prepares with and around you, in the first morsalour of every succeeding day, for the pleasure, instruction and benefit of you all!

Let us all take partake in the benefits, as well as in the enjoyments. There are not confined to the children. Those who have the greatest early rising is invaluable. Only those who have long practised it can well appreciate it. Many have attained to since hear great admiration expressed of the luxuriance of their minds, and the vigor of their whole system when them.

It has been declared, after long and careful enquiry into the habits of many persons who attained to the ordinary length of life, that they succeeded each other in only one thing, and that was early rising.

FACTS IN THE HISTORY OF ELECTRICITY.

Sir William Snow Harris, who has written much on electricity, and first applied the fall to both sides of a Leyden jar. The French and Italian philosophers, about the same time, made very brilliant experiments with electricity. Dr. Franklin, of Philadelphia, raised it to a science, by his well known experiments. He formed plans to bring electricity from the clouds to the earth, and he was able to put his practice. His first successful experiment for this purpose was performed that. Having made a kite, he raised a short wire on its top, and attached a long one to the end of a silk string. Suspended to a thunder storm, his son raised it in the air. To secure his hand from the electricity that was to be collected cord in the wire, which he held. He then succeeded in collecting a Leyden jar from the cloud.

Franklin's experiments were repeated in Europe, after they had been published. Professor Richmann, of Petersburg, was killed while he was drawing down a heavy charge of electricity into an iron rod. Experiments, and unsuccessful, on the steel. Steel is rendered permanently a magnet by a charge of electricity, iron ceases to be a magnet as soon as the current of electricity is withdrawn, passing through it. The magnetizing of steel and iron was also discovered by Sir William Snow Harris, about the same time as by Oersted, but without communication with him or with each other.

FAREWELL TO THE GROVE.

The scenes of our youth never fade in mind. A few more days and I shall see my beautiful trees—my friends—no more. My friends, the trees! how often have I sought them when I could find no spirit under their still shade; how, amid the city's brick walls, I have thought of the cool green aisles of the grove. What a mighty thing one's mind must be to take under its care so many things, and to treasure, and decide; to say nothing of the men, the women, and the children, whose faces I have seen in years gone by, and whose faces I shall see in years to come! Memory is a wonderful thing. Here I am, and step my ears, and go on, and stand, as now, under my glorious trees, and there is the old house, and there the old street beneath of the pain, and the fresh odor of the earth, and rest. Every season has its own peculiar enjoyments. Every season I have been given some which it must ever be a joy to remember. Oh! ye spots, that I have loved, green grass over me as if ye loved me, ye have been witnesses of what I ever to remain alone for ye spoke, yet most deep and abiding gratitude. Ye hill, dark grove, I have made you my confidants, and my companions; and it is with real sorrow that I bid you farewell. With trees for my only companions, and with the little creatures that prey and play in their shade to protect, now and not be very lonely, even if now have also human companionship; but, alas for the lonely heart that must beat between the walls, and bleed against the stone, of the hard city.

A. E.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

MY BIRTH-SPOT.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Trees have passed by upon their shadowy wings,
And o'er their tops the autumn tempest blew,
And many a morning-glory round them flung
Its tendrils light of form and hue;
Yet still they wave as fresh and as verdant,
The wild rose blooms as fresh and fair, the while
Breathe yet as lonely on my brow, the trees
And cool and sweet, as when, first, and an urchin
The visits strange to me the breath of Heaven
Across my playing cheek. I range
Where'er I sported by the leaping stream,
And where the bees, in the bright summer noon,
And loved the clover-blossom, and the bird
Sang merrily on the old wood's olden locks
Had darkened on my temples. Can it be
That the dark soul of care and change is set
Upon my brow? Hath not I loved all things
In beauty unchanged, I hear as usual
That bells the tale of years, and one at last
That I alone can feel? Were it not
That memory is faithful to my soul,
And yields me back the past, that long has been graved
Upon the tablet darkened month on month, were it not
That passion's burning pathway has been buried
So deep, as fiercely vivid that my heart
Is withering or is dead, I could deem
That I were still a youth and careless child
Just woken from a long, long dream of fears
To gaze upon an infant fresh-created
Earth, and to hear the birds sing and again
To count the hours as a fond boy, bounding on
To the free luxury of his father's door.

THE RUINED HOMESTEAD.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

The road from the village of Lenox winds and winds up the mountain till it crowns it, and descends on the other side, through a forest of pines into the town of Warrington, where is an academy for young ladies and gentlemen—according to the ostentatious advanced bulletins of the newest New England States.

Just where the village road, of which I have been speaking, crowns the hill, and is around to cut after its long ascent from Lenox, before it entered upon its steady long descent in Warrington, just there, on a kind of table-land which overlooked the pine-tree forest, stood a large farm-house, shaded by grand old maples, and surrounded on three sides by a great, deep garden; without on the fourth a wicket-gate led out into the pastures, the orchard, the "meeting"-house, and the road. The great front door, which opened directly into the parlor, always stood open of a summer's day and the traveler, climbing the hill, borne by a man's breathing time upon the mountain's brow, might catch a glimpse, over the garden and the flowers, of pictures and a piano, and then turning to the saddle, look down the steep road, and say, at the bottom, a good sparkling in the meadows, and floated over with ripples at the slightest stir of wind. It was a pretty little sheet of water; in the summer there were always white fleets of sail for open its breast, and languished at their own beauty as they saw it mirrored in the warm before. You could see the gay pond from the door of the farm-house, but from its road, which was hid, and handsomely, and easily gained by a flight of steps from the great gates.

Mr. Williams, the owner of this pretty place, was a widower of sixty, and had but one child, a daughter named Margaret—she would, one day, inherit a snug little property. She was well educated, and could play very well, very sensibly. In short, everybody loved her; and she was kind and gentle, and did a great deal of good among the poor; yet a school-girl, though her marriage with her cousin William was fully determined on, and another but two months to elapse before it took place, and prepared her French exercise for her master after listening to William's plans for their bridal journey—like the good, little, simple girl she was. It was a great deal to contend, and neither she nor any one else gave it credit, just then, for all the depth of passionate feeling it brought up afterwards to the light.

William Williams was the only son of the farmer's brother, a retired merchant in the town of Lenox, and like herself, a student of the Academy at Warrington. It was said of the Academy, and brought it a fine thing to be engaged to the best girl in the school, which would bring him such a pleasant home and comfortable dowry, and one never would himself be loyal will and pleasure in any one thing since he first knew her; but when her father's consent to the engagement had been given, and he felt that she was bound to him by fewer obstacles, more rather and he was glad of any excuse which would enable him to escape from it. When Margaret went home she was a fearless term, and left him behind, he did not shed many tears on the occasion, he drew a long breath, and felt that he had the grace to be ashamed of feeling a half-acknowledged sense of relief at her absence.

Yet he was not a cold-hearted nor an unloving man. He could love passionately, and he was—that is, as true as it is in the nature of any man to be—only that his time had not yet come. It was, however, at hand, and Margaret had only gone away to make room for her successor.

There is a certain daily nuisance who is supposed to be mixed up with the affairs of mortals, and who must, I think, have laughed in his sleeve when he sent Augusta Hopburn to the Academy at Warrington. And so, a month or two after, a twenty years had been passed in the city of New York and the contrast between her appearance and that of her former daughters she was to teach, was indicated in the extreme. She was of good birth and high family, though an orphan, and to endowed in her circumstances as to be glad to accept the place in a higher school. She had been educated at a former establishment in Troy, and thoroughly qualified, too. She was a fine musician, an artist, an authoress, and a classical scholar, an artist, an authoress, and a poetess, danced like Taglioni, played and sang like an angel, and was a wife would not instantly lay down her life for. Her tall, elegant figure, her deep mourning, the easy grace of her motion, and the dignity of her manners, had already moved him strangely, when he saw her lately, day after day, sitting by the preceptor at the head of the school-room, and her head bowed and sad, and her small, white hands neglected, he went and about her at once. She was a brilliant, and a beautiful woman; but with her wondrous skills, her dashing grace, her bewildering manners and perfect grace, she placed him where she had so often placed his betters—at her feet.

The young gentleman of whom I have already spoken, having his inglenooks upon the ground, lost no time in acting them. William and the young preceptress met often, and it needed no spoken words to tell her what the boy was feeling. His blusher, his sighs, the long, ardent glances of his handsome black eyes, told the story only too well; and smiling sometimes to herself, at this new proof of her fascination, she gave him some slight encouragement from time to time. She had walked with him, when the school and the teachers had their May-day out on the hills. She had been elected Queen, and had kept him always near the throne. The farmers' daughters looked red and cousins, and hateful beside her; but she—oh she—decreed a crown of diamonds, and he should like to be the man to give it to her. Thus the boy raved, walking up and down his room at midnight, and thinking of her—only of her—while she was sleeping soundly, and would only have smiled at his rhapsodies, if she had known anything about them. He was only doing what a thousand men have done before him, and what more than a thousand will do after him. I am afraid—

Flaying him
self at the feet
of a woman
who would
lend him
through a
pest of love
and passion,
and leave him,
at last, with
nothing to
show for the
time he lost,
and the devo-
tion he flung
so recklessly
away for
dear sake.

And all this time, said was pretty things
wedding! Her father's house was
silence busy with
preparations, and those were filled with
friends to them for days, or they were in these, who were quite happy to go and tell her
of them.

Mr. Williams's infatuation, which, by this time, was plainly to be seen, she was a good and a fruitful and a loving girl, and she said to herself, and laughed at these boy-foibles, and declared she did not believe that there ever came after another, while William himself said sawy, and Margaret's face grew fair and pearl and she was fond of going up on the upmost roof of the house, and looking at the sea of the pond, sparkling in the morning-sun so far away, and thinking how delightful it would be to be down there in the stillness among the water-lilies, and so in the grief and trouble pass away forever.

But the neighborhood were crowding most thickly upon her, her cousin came home for the wedding-day, and the wedding-guests arrived, and said but little to her; and she, for her own part, was silent, too. But one pleasant afternoon, something impelled her to speak out, and know the worst; and she went up into the great parlor, where the piano was, on the sofa, smoking his cigar, and thinking. I have no doubt, of his Angelica. He looked up at her sharply, and she stood still, and began her hopeless task.

"Papa!" she began—almost every woman must know. For all men—even the bravest and most manly—are cowards when it comes to dealing with women, and will evade a downright inquiry with a laugh, if it is a possible thing to do. It happened, therefore, that William, though quite up to any and hundred as most of us are, for his life could not doubtful way, and gave her to understand, with a look of astonishment of incredulity, that she had been deceived, and he outraged by the reports she had heard—scorned and slighted, and began her hopeless task.

"People will talk, about a woman like that," he said, carelessly. "As she says herself, she can expect nothing else. You are she is so different from the rest, so superior, and talented, and all that sort of thing, that they are envious of her, and will do it to your own wife, moreover, Margaret. She is a widow, and she had a record of a husband; and you know, my dear, that I am so fond of you that I would not have you exposed to any slight. We are very good friends, Margaret—that's all; and she is lonely, and needs a friend; if she can get one, never would have left myself if you knew her—but you never will, because you are perfect, and you have perfect confidence in your love."

Margaret was full of joy at what he had said, and only too eager to believe that she must have generous thoughts of her supposed rival.

"I am sure William I did not really believe it," she said with a gentle little sigh of thankfulness. "And as you say, she is lonely, and has left friends and friends. I have a very great mind to ask her here for the long vacation."

"Do!" said William, kissing her to his feet.

She repeated what she had said.

"Do you really wish it, my love?"

"Of course I do. Shall I?"

"Do!"—don't ask me to—and the young man, getting up and going away. "But it was a good thing it was all over, my dear."

He would not urge her—he had not quite his diffood enough for that—but he went up and kissed the woman who has known a Judas, and sold her happiness for a kiss. And so, a month or two after, the letter to Mrs. Hopburn was written, and the reply, after a little surprise, and a few natural remains, came to visit her. A fond man is bad enough, Heaven knows, but a fond woman—

Shall I tell you what I think Augusta Hopburn was one. She had never committed any great or serious error in her life, but she had had dreams of unscrupulous wickedness in the bottom of her heart, which had been but well kicked at with disdain. A series of decency however restrained her within the pale of the virtuous, and the world, she watched Margaret and William rather curiously when they were together, and would have been offered in words. For the depth and accuracy of the boy's devotion had touched deeply at heart, and she loved him almost as much as she had loved yesterday, as Margaret while they were but a pure-hearted and happy girl.

Little Margaret, seeing nothing of the by-play of the drama, was not hurried, thought ill of the charming sycophant—or of anything except the perfect fondness of her lover, and her own unqualities of her much-wronged friend, and was so happy as she was long. Three months of the month had already passed—three were seven more happy days, and then the joys and sorrows of school began again for them and for her. They would be together all day, and have walks they were from me, and would have evening parties, and the entire day was to be